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THE LITTLE WORKGIRL.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Pray do not flout this little girl,
With proud, averted face,
Oh, lady my, on bright Broadway,
In costly silks and lace!
Her patient air should plead with thee
For kindness, and be sure
The garb of toil will never soil
The raiment of the pure.

In factory, or mill, or shop,
From dawn till shadows fall
The evening sky, toils patiently
This pallid working girl;
While you have but to smile, and be
As useless and as bright,
As the lady fly that flashes by
To charm the idle sight!

And, after work, her humble joys
The leisure hours engage—
To snatch the air in park or square,
Or trim canary's cage;
While you for concert, ball, or fête
Renew your jaded pride.
From fashion's froth, to lure the moth
Or flattery to your side.

But, were a careful balance struck
Of relative swell
'Twixt days of work and gifts that lurk
As in a debtor's jail,
'Twixt bodies-gray and queenly silk,
Swift step and dreamy pace,
I doubt if you, when all came true,
The stern account could face.

So, do not flout this little girl
With proud, disdainful air,
Fair-dowered maid, in silks arrayed
That gild the thoroughfare!
Her earnest life should win respect
And kindness, and be sure
The garb of toil will never soil
The raiment of the pure.

THE LORD OF STRATHMORE; OR, The Hidden Crime.

By LEON LEWIS.

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GERDA'S VISIT TO RALPH CHANDOS.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

Some weeks had passed since the trial and conviction of Ralph Chandos.

He sat alone in his prison cell. The light of the dim wintery afternoon straggled in through the bars of the small window in a rude and sickly fashion. The face revealed by that light had greatly changed since the hour of its introduction to the reader. The boyish frankness, the brightness and gayety that had once distinguished it had fled from it forever. The simple trust of earlier days had completely vanished. The noble features were set and stern in their expression, the steel-blue eyes that had been noted for their laughing light were grave to sombreness, full of intense bitterness and passionate rebellion at his fate. He had grown grim and full of suspicion. The faith in humanity of two months since had given place to a hard distrust of all mankind, to a profound and awful despair. His blonde beauty that had once been the admiration of society had lost its brightness; he was haggard and wan; his cheeks were sunken; his lips were set in a hard and cruel line.

He felt himself deserted by God and man. Innocent of so much as an evil thought toward his murdered uncle, he had been adjudged guilty of that murder, and condemned to a punishment to him more terrible than death. He was still stunned and bewildered by the calamity that had overtaken him. The newspapers of the country had denounced the jurymen for the verdict that left him life. His old friends had fallen from him as the leaves fall from the sapless tree. Not one of all who had known and loved him, not even his betrothed wife, had been to see him in his undeserved disgrace, in his shame and agony.

He had never liked his cousin, but he could not understand why Brabazon, who had known him all his life, could have accepted his guilt as a fact, and never even paid him a visit of consolation. But his deepest hurt had come from Miss Pelham's supposed defection. That she should have believed him guilty of an appalling crime seemed to him too stupendous for belief. He said to himself that an affront from heaven could not have shaken his faith in her.

He arose from his low pallet and paced the floor with bowed head and uneven steps. He had prayed to die, but the instinct of vitality was strong within him: his life promised to endure for many years. The memory of his family had been long-lived, and he shuddered as he thought of the years and years that lay before him, years of bitterness, humiliation, and despair. But that he dared not sin against God and himself, he would have strangled himself with his own hands, and so escape the horrors of his lot.

But now, as he paced his uneven floor, worn with the tread of many a prisoner, he thought not of himself, but of the girl he loved. Her abandonment of him was the very bitterest sorrow of his darkened life. But he did not weep. His lost eyes had not been watered by tears since he had received his unjust sentence. His soul had been the battle-ground of such fierce emotions as dry up the very fountain of tears.

As he thus walked his floor, he heard steps in the corridor without, a key grated in his lock, and the massive door swung open on its hinges. His jailer looked in upon him for an instant, but the prisoner did not raise his head or slacken his steps. The man withdrew and then there was a soft flutter of women's garments, the door swung shut, and a gentle step approached him.

He looked up, and started back, his eyes full of a stormy wildness, his features quivering.

His visitor was Miss Pelham.

She was heavily veiled as on the occasion of his trial, but he needed not to see her shrouded features to recognize her. As he recoiled, she flung back her veil, displaying her face.

She had changed much since he had seen her. There were bistre shadows under the sweet dusk eyes, a strange pallor upon the lovely young face. The diadem radiance of her beauty was dimmed. She looked as if she had been ill unto death. There was a weary languor in her movements; a slowness that contrasted singularly with her natural vivacity and quick impulsiveness.

"Gerda!" said Chandos, hoarsely.

She held out both her hands to him.

"Ralph!" she exclaimed, and the sorrow and the infinite love in her tones smote him to the heart. "Oh, Ralph! My poor darling! My poor dear boy!"

Chandos's lips quivered. His stern face lost its grimness and hardness on the instant. The love and kind, the ineffable sympathy in her tender, yearning look melted all his new hatred of mankind. With a wild and frenzied sob, he sprang to her and caught her in his arms. Her brown head and his lay breast to breast for two young creatures sobbed together in an agony of grief.

Unable to stand up, for both were weak, they sat down on the side of the low iron bed and clung to each other as if they would never part again. The girl was the first to recover herself.

"My poor, Ralph!" she said, caressing him. "Did you wonder that I did not come? I have been very ill. When I heard of that cruel verdict, I fell to the floor in a dead faint. They carried me to my room, where I have been ill of brain fever. This is the first day I have left our house!"

Chandos could not answer. The tears that had been repressed for weeks were flowing now over his haggard cheeks like rain. She had been ill, and he had doubted her faith in him! He hated himself for that doubt. It seemed to him that he had been mad. Her arms were around him, her true heart beat close against his own. A mad prayer went up from his soul that he might die then and there.

She caressed him softly and silently. She did not speak until his convulsive sobs had nearly ceased and his tears began to flow less freely.

"My poor darling!" she whispered. "It is very hard, but let us not lose our faith in God's justice and mercy. Trust in Him still, dear Ralph. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!'"

"You do not doubt me, Gerda?" said her lover, huskily. "You do not believe me guilty of that murder?"

The girl drew herself away from him. Her dusk eyes flashed like stars. The radiance of a perfect love and perfect trust illumined her rare beauty.

"Doubt you, Ralph?" she exclaimed. "Believe you guilty? Have I not known you all my life? Do I not know you even better than you know yourself? Doubt you, dear? As soon could I doubt the justice of Heaven!"

Ralph Chandos slid upon his knees and bowed his head reverently before her in a supreme joy and thanksgiving. Such love and faith surpassed his wildest dreams. He had brooded over his case during all these weeks; he had weighed every item of the evidence against him, and he no longer wondered that he had been condemned. But that Gerda could set it all aside as of no value seemed utterly incredible.

"My poor boy!" she whispered. "You never doubted me? No, Ralph, you would not?"

"Is there any one besides you who still has faith in me?" asked Chandos.

The girl was silent.

"I knew it," he cried bitterly. "All the world but you, has turned against me, Gerda. But I swear to you that I am innocent of my uncle's murder. I never wished him harm. I know no more who killed him than you do."

"I know that, Ralph, darling. What need for you to tell me that you are innocent?"

"It is a wonder they did not hang me. But I am to be transported to Australia. Think of it, Gerda! I, who looked forward to a life with you, a life of love and honor and usefulness, I am to be chained to a felon, I am to be bestialized with felons, all my life long—thirty—forty—fifty years, it may be! Think of the shame, the agony, the horror! I would rather have been hanged!"

The girl shuddered.

"Ah, that would have been worse!" she said. "So long as there is life, there is hope. How much unfortune may be found."

Chandos gave a quick start.

"Is any one searching for him?" he asked.

Again the girl's silence answered him.

"You will think me mad, Gerda," he said, huskily. "but sometimes I think that there has been some enemy at work against me. Yet what enemy have I? Was it mere chance that led the murderer to my room after the commission of his crime? Was it mere chance that made him employ my missing spoon in wiping his stains of blood, that led him to steal and use my own dirk-knife to kill my uncle, that led him to hide the knife in my chimney, that caused him to steal my shirt and wear it and then partially destroy it in my grate, leaving enough to fix its ownership upon me? Gerda, it was my enemy who killed my uncle! My enemy, who desired to destroy my uncle and me at one fell blow!"

Gerda looked pale and thoughtful. The idea did not seem to her mad. It had in truth occurred to her before, when trying to solve the mystery of Lord Strathmore's death.

"Can you not think of some enemy, Ralph?" she asked.

He struck his head.

"I never wronged any one in all my life," he said, bitterly. "I have been a simple, kind-natured, warm-hearted fellow, wasting my money upon the first person who wanted it. A man who could commit murder must be utterly depraved. I know no such person."

Gerda opened her lips to speak, then closed them again. He noticed in her surprise.

"Have you any theory?" he asked.

"I have had a great many," she answered.

"During my illness, my maid has brought me all the news of the country side. Did you ever know Thomas Crowl, the old village schoolmaster's son?"

"I have seen him. A bright village lad before my time, he went to London and to the bad, I have heard. He used to come now and then to see his father. He had a reckless face, not quite a wicked one."

"He came home a day or two before the murder. His father no longer teaches the village school, and has been in bitter need. The son on his return declared that he had no money, but my maid says that the very day after Lord Strathmore's murder Thomas Crowl paid his father's arrears of rent and also paid an advance of rent for six months, giving the landbailiff a new ten-pound note. He paid not further sums for his father, and then went back to London, and has not been seen at Strathmore since."

"But the possession of money, even upon the day after my uncle's murder, is not evidence against him, for my uncle's safe had not been disturbed, his pocket-book had not been taken or even touched, as the valet swore, and his jewelry was left on his dressing-table. The murder was evidently committed for greed. That is perfectly evident."

Miss Pelham yielded a reluctant assent.

"If the murder was not committed for greed," she said, "what then could have been the motive?"

"My uncle had enemies, I suppose. He was not a man to make friends," said Chandos, wearily. "Some enemy of his, who wished also to ruin me, may have killed him. I have thought the case over and over until I am half mad, but I cannot arrive at any satisfactory conclusion."

"Who is the man most benefited by Lord Strathmore's death and your disgrace?" asked Gerda, abruptly.

Chandos started.

"I do not know," he answered. "Who is he?"

"Norman Brabazon, your cousin. Your uncle's death and your conviction of the murder have resulted in his aggrandizement. He finds himself suddenly titled, enriched, honored. He has been appointed Governor-General of Australia. Since you are legally dead—he has stepped into your inheritance. He is now Baron Strathmore, master of Strathmore Park."

Chandos's features quivered. To know that his heritage had passed to another, and that he was "legally dead," was terrible beyond description.

"Brabazon benefits by my misfortune," he said, hoarsely, "but he is not to blame for it. He has never been fond of me, but he was a great favorite with my uncle, who would have preferred Norman to me as his successor."

"You do not believe Brabazon capable of a crime?" asked Miss Pelham.

Chandos looked amazed.

"What a wild question, Gerda!" he exclaimed. "Why, Brabazon is a noted politician, the leader of a party, and has been one of the foremost commoners of England. He is a man of mature years, without the impulses or temptations of youth. He has held high official positions; he expected this very appointment of Governor-General of Australia two months ago. He—your love for me has turned your brain, my poor little Gerda!"

"I did not suspect him of being your uncle's murderer, Ralph. I was only casting over in my mind the possibilities, you know. Somebody committed the crime. Who could it have been?"

"I cannot imagine. We shall never know. I shall suffer unjustly, while the murderer walks the earth unsuspected!" cried Chandos, bitterly. "Ah, if I had only been killed instead of my uncle!"

The tramp of feet in the corridor recalled them to the passage of time. Both turned paler still.

"I love but a few minutes left, Ralph," said the girl, hastily, "and I have so much to say. Papa is waiting for me outside. We are going away in a fortnight. Don't give up all hope even when you leave England. The truth may—it must—sometime come to light. And I shall wait for you, Ralph, whether it be one year or fifty!"

"Gerda!" and Chandos's voice was sharp with anguish, "when we part now, we part forever. Our lives must be henceforth as wide asunder as Heaven and Hades. I give you back your promise, darling. That promise was given to Lord Strathmore's prosperous heir, not to a convicted felon. You must forget me."

"Never! Ralph; when I gave you my love it was not as light a gift that it might be withdrawn in the hour of your greatest need for it. I shall love you always—be true to you always. I shall devote myself to the task of discovering the murderer of your uncle, and to clearing your name. Hope, Ralph. Trust in Heaven and me!"

Chandos drew her again to his breast in reverent love. It seemed to him that his heart was breaking under its load of passionate despair. He knew that her father would strive to overrule her efforts in his behalf; he knew that all her friends would bring to bear against him their batteries of scorn. And what could she do? A frail girl of eighteen, subject to her father's authority, and Miss Pelham a firm believer in his guilt.

Again the tramp of feet was heard in the corridor. The massive door swung upon its hinges, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Time's up!"

A look of agony leaped to the girl's eyes. She clung to her lover as if she never meant to let him go. And he clung to her as a drowning man clings to a spar. One moment thus, one heart to heart, and then he loosed her from his clasp, and she tottered toward the door.

At the threshold she paused and looked at him with streaming eyes, lit up by her deathless love.

"Trust in God!" she repeated. "And trust in me!"

She passed out, the door clanged shut, and the bolt rattled into its socket. The prisoner was left again to his horrible solitude. He stared at the door with tearless eyes and stony visage until the last echo had died out of the corridor, and then staggered to his bed and fell upon it in a despair and grief, in a wild and awful anguish, beyond the powers of description.

"Lost!" he muttered. "All lost! My love, my honor, my home, the respect of mankind, vessel," he remarked, "Chandos will undoubtedly be on board."

"Undoubtedly," said Lord Strathmore, calmly. "But he will be a prisoner, and I shall not be brought into contact with him during the voyage. I shall not have another opportunity for conversation during the voyage in months, and I cannot allow a false sentimentality to prevent my making use of this. Of course, my cousin's disgrace and his punishment are a heavy affliction to me; and I do not mind confessing to you, Miss Pelham, that one reason for my leaving England at this time is that I may be absent from the horror of my uncle's death and the disgrace of my cousin's punishment shall be in a measure forgotten, or replaced by some newer sensation."

"I know how you must feel, Baron," said the banker, sympathetically. "I would advise you to go abroad and leave yourself from England for a year or two."

"How does Miss Pelham bear Chandos's sentence?" asked Lord Strathmore, abruptly.

"It was the announcement of it that made her ill. She has been very near death, and her recovery seems to me a miracle. Yesterday she set out for Italy, where she hopes Chandos is jail."

Lord Strathmore's brow contracted. A red spark glowed in his black eyes which he averted from his host.

"You allowed her to visit him?" he asked, hoarsely.

"How could I help it?" demanded the banker. "She has been at death's door. She sent for me this morning, and when I went to her room she was dressed for her ride. She begged and entreated me to take her to Chan-

dog. At first I refused, but she clung to me and wept and coaxed—she is my only child, Baron, and I had to give in to her at last. She only wanted to bid him a last farewell. I ordered the carriage and took her to Leves. I easily obtained an order for her to see Chandos, and she had an interview with him. She came out of the cell in an almost fainting condition. I brought her home and she went to bed. Just before you came in she sent me word that she would come down in a few minutes. She came in a few minutes this evening. Poor child! Even in her sorrow for Chandos she does not forget her love for her father."

"Did you see him?" inquired the baron, huskily.

"Chandos? No. He murdered his uncle: he has made shipwreck of my child's happiness. See him? I would never dare dreamed that he could turn out a murderer. He was so bright, so gay, so frank. He seemed so noble, so true. I used to think that if I had had a son I should have wished him to be like Ralph Chandos. What hypocrites there are in this world!"

"Ah, yes!" assented Lord Strathmore.

"The interview was very painful. You should not think her able to come down to-night, only I know that she is anxious to relieve my anxieties about her, and that she will husband her small store of strength for my sake. She loves Chandos, but she loves her father too. If I were to lose her, Baron, my life would be a desert. I have planned a great future for her. It is hard to have one's plans frustrated like this. The doctor tells me that I must take her abroad, or she will go into a decline. So, while you are enjoying power and influence in Australia we shall be journeying slowly about the continent."

Lord Strathmore's dark visage lighted up with a sudden glow. He waved forward eagerly, his eyes sparkling.

"My dear Pelham," he exclaimed, "what is to prevent your going out to Australia? The voyage would completely restore Miss Pelham. The change of scene would be thorough and beneficial. Say you will go. I beg you and Miss Pelham to become my guests at Government House for the next year."

The banker looked aghast.

"I never thought of such a thing!" he declared. "A voyage to Australia! Why, alcohol as soon think of going to the moon!"

"Yet, the more you reflect upon it the more you will be inclined to accept my invitation. The voyage is precisely what Miss Pelham needs. You can leave your business for a year or two years—"

"I can do that certainly. My affairs can be arranged in a week so that I could well be absent two years," acknowledged the banker; "but a voyage to the Antipodes! Really, Baron, I thank you, but the project does not seem to me altogether advisable. She would see Chandos on the ships—"

"But chained to felons, himself a felon. The sight of him, as she would see him, would inspire her with contempt for him. No woman of self-respect, no lady with Miss Pelham's beauty and position in life, would cling to a man who has become an object of general contempt."

The banker shook his head.

"It's hard calculating about women," he said. "I should think as you do, but women are peculiar beings. She would pity him—"

"With a contemptuous pity. My Pelham," interrupted Lord Strathmore. "I know she would despise him, and help for herself because she once loved him. Believe me, such a voyage would cure her love as well as her failing health."

The banker looked half-convinced. It would be a pleasant thing, he reflected, and gratifying to his pride to be a guest at Government House, Sidney. And perhaps the long sea voyage might, as the baron said, cure Gerda's folly of her love for Chandos and her ill-health.

Lord Strathmore saw and pursued his advantage. He knew well the weak points of the banker's character, his love of rank, his ardent desire to ally himself, through his daughter, with a person of title. He continued, thinking that, if Gerda had married the colonist's supposed crime, was a keen and bitter disappointment to the banker, the prospect of marrying the heir to a title should be frustrated.

"My dear Pelham," he said, gently, "I have a confession to make to you, which I once believed could never pass my lips. When I was only Norman Brabazon, whatever my political successes, whatever my social standing, I could not think of marriage. I had no money to wife which to keep a wife and an establishment. Of course, I could marry. With my position and connections I should not have found it difficult to marry a young, beautiful girl, endowed richly, and my heart became fixed upon one, and my cousin loved her. He was the heir to the Strathmore title and estates. He was young and handsome; low could I enter the lists with him? But he proved an unworthy and the stern hand of the law has taken him out of all possibility of rivalry with me. I am Baron Strathmore in his stead; I have the wealth and honors he hoped to inherit; yet they are all empty and valueless to me, save for the greater good I covet. You understand me? I love Gerda. I desire to make her my wife."

The banker flushed with pleasure.

"My dear Baron," he stammered, "believe me, I appreciate the great honor of your offered alliance. If Gerda would only consent, the hour of her marriage with you would be the happiest hour of my life. To see her Baroness Strathmore—queen of the realm—entitled to attend the queen's drawing-room—"

He paused in the enumeration of these possible grandeurs, with the feeling that he would give half the remaining years of his life if he could only secure them for his daughter. Her heart warmed to his visitor. As a possible son-in-law Lord Strathmore appeared to him absolutely perfect.

"All this can easily be accomplished," said Lord Strathmore. "You can become the father of a peeress, the ancestor of a line of peers of the realm, my dear Pelham, if you will. And you need not tell you, I suppose, that I will prove a good and loving husband to your daughter. The marriage—distasteful as it may appear to you—"

The banker arose and paced the room hurriedly, his heart throbbing high with ambitious hopes. His visitor had just touched—for—a title for his daughter—was within his reach. To secure it became from this moment the object of his life. His love for his child made him the more determined to bring about this marriage.

"I appreciate the honor you offer us, Baron," he repeated, "but Gerda is worthy of the highest position that can be conferred upon her—is fitted by nature to be a queen among women. Her nobility of character, her graces, her wonderful beauty, have always led me to expect for her a high destiny. I have looked forward to a great marriage for her, for she is my only heiress, and will have one of the greatest properties in England at my death; but I never for you that no suitor could have presented himself with whom I could have been better pleased than with you. The Strathmores date back for centuries, they are of great wealth, are honored for their stainless name, their rank with the few very first families of the realm. As to you personally, Baron, your political successes, your former brilliant marriage, and the lofty connections thereby obtained, and your unstained and honorable character, make you worthy of the noblest lady of Great Britain. Baron Strathmore, you might marry the daughter of a duke. I know all this, and say it freely that you may know that I thoroughly understand the great honor of the alliance you propose. There is only one obstacle in the way of the marriage. Gerda loves this unfortunate Chandos."

"Come with me to Australia," cried the baron. "Let her see her former lover in all his humiliation. Let her realize that he is a convict for life. Let her comprehend the gulf between them. Her love will die a natural death long before the voyage is over. And let me be at hand, Pelham, with the delicate little attentions that ladies love. Let her see me honored, respected, in my glory. She will draw the contrast for herself, and I shall win her the long before we reach Sidney."

"If I thought that, we would go with you. You are right, Baron; you must be right. I can arrange my business in a week. I'll go, if Gerda will consent."

"Let her ask to-night. Say nothing about my love for her; let that revelation be made by me, in due time. Is not that Miss Pelham's carriage?"

A light trail was heard without, the clicking of the hoofs upon the marble floor of the hall. The door opened and Miss Pelham entered.

She was dressed in deep black, and her face looked white and spectral by contrast. There were dark circles still under her lovely eyes. She was very thin and wan, but all her sorrow and illness had not destroyed or marred her glorious beauty. Lord Strathmore arose. She started at sight of him, not having seen him when the carriage drew up to the door. He advanced and held out his hand, congratulating her warmly upon her recovery. She let her hand lie in his a moment, then withdrew it with a shudder. Her father placed a chair for her by the corner of the hearth and she sat down.

"You look like a snow-wreath, Miss Pelham," said the visitor, with unmistakable sympathy. "You are very delicate indeed. I am pained to see you looking so ill."

"We were just speaking of you, Gerda," said her father, with his hand upon the back of her chair. "The doctor says that you must have a change of air and scene—that you must go abroad."

"And I have been persuading Mr. Pelham to go out to Australia with me," said the baron. "The sea voyage would restore you. All that is necessary, Miss Pelham, is your consent to sail in a fortnight, upon the transport ship *Clytemnestra*."

Miss Pelham raised head with swift eagerness. A sudden flash of color leaped to her cheeks.

"The sight of the convicts need not disturb you, Gerda," said her father, "and Lord Strathmore says that the voyage would be delightful in every line. Will you go, dear, for my sake? Think of the wonderful voyage and the wonderful country of Australia—"

The girl clasped her hands together tightly. A great joy shone in her dusky eyes.

"I should like it!" she exclaimed, flushing a grateful look upon the visitor. "I will go!"

The baron and the banker exchanged glances of satisfaction and delight.

When Lord Strathmore took his leave, a few minutes later, his friend and host was in a state of excitation. His villainous schemes had prospered beyond the strongest expectations. He was Baron Strathmore, of Strathmore Park. One of the richest and most powerful noblemen of Great Britain. All that he gained the wealth, power and honors for which he had so wickedly schemed. Only one thing to control in order to be unattained.

"But that," he thought, as he lolled back in his luxurious carriage, and was borne homeward through the wintry night, "that will also soon be mine. Gerda will see Chandos as an object of contempt, and will wonder that she ever loved him. She will be ready for a speedy and grow to hate him. I shall be at hand and she will turn to me in her bitterness and grief. I shall win her. Two months' voyage and she will soon become my wife. In two weeks then we shall be upon the sea together," and he laughed, "the convict, the banker-papa. Miss Pelham and I. And then comes my opportunity to win her love. And I have a bend for screening! I will stake all I have gained upon my complete success!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCLE BOB'S BEAR STORY.

It was Christmas Eve, and Uncle Bob sat before a blazing fire, a little nephew on one knee and a little niece on the other, while Aunt Katie, also quietly knitting in her own particular corner,

"Tell us a story, uncle," said little Dan, looking up from Uncle Bob's left knee.

"I know a pretty good bear story," replied Uncle Bob, with a sly glance at Aunt Katie.

"Oh, tell that, then, uncle," said Fannie from Uncle Bob's other knee, her pretty face all aglow with eager curiosity.

"Long ago and far away," Bob began, "it was a wild country out there. The woods was full of bears and wolves, and if a speak either varment, and the settlers had to keep a sharp lookout. I tell you.

"I was a young man then, and reckoned the best lookin' chap in these parts," Uncle Bob continued, with a comical glance at Aunt Katie.

The latter looked back at Uncle Bob with her usual quiet smile.

"You know it yourself, Katie," returned Uncle Bob—"leastways you thought so once."

Aunt Katie blushed and went on with her knitting.

"Whatever may be said of me," Uncle Bob resumed, "there was a gal in the neighborhood as hadn't her match for fifty mile around."

"Now, Robert, what nonsense in your head to-night?"

"It's only the sacred truth," Uncle Bob protested; "she was my first sweetheart, and her name was Katie."

"The same as auntie's," interrupted little Dan.

"Jest so," said Uncle Bob. "That's what they call a coincidence."

The big word puzzled little Dan to silence, and Uncle Bob proceeded:

"Katie's father was the richest man in the settlement. He'd moved out early, had helped split the timber that had been sent to the Legislature, was a Justice o' the Peace, and owned more'n a thousand acres o' land. We all called him 'Squire Lykes.'

"Katie and me'd been as good as engaged for a couple o' years, and I reckoned I was as sheepish to speak to the squire. I wanted Katie to do it, but she said it wan't none o' her place, and so matters stood.

"At last a mighty-lookin' chap—his name was Sam Tibbetts—came to the settlement to open'n or to singin' school, expectin' to see her home, jest as you step up at the close of the exercises to see the young ladies home. But Mr. Tibbetts would scrunge in ahead, and your gal would say, 'Good night, heavin' you the mitten.

"It come it over the squire by agreein' with him in politics, especially on the woolscalp bounty question; so't when he begun to pay attention to Katie, the squire looked pleased like.

"I don't know if Katie wanted to make me jealous, so's to bring me to the p'int; anyhow, she seemed to take a shine to Mr. Tibbetts, which driv me nigh crazy. He was genteel in gentle youth unless his patent leather boots, and he was alive on points that there wan't no decent way o' quar'lin' with him."

"But you're a long while comin' to the bear, uncle," put in little Dan.

"We're almost at him now," said Uncle Bob. "Sam Tibbetts give a quiltin', and everybody was invited. The gals was to quilt the quilt durin' the day, and the boys was to come and dance over the floor after supper and encourage'n house.

"I went over to the squire's to engage Katie, but she said, with a sassy look, she was much obleeged—Mr. Tibbetts had jest been there and he was alive on points that there wan't no decent way o' quar'lin' with him."

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"I went over to the squire's to engage Katie, but she said, with a sassy look, she was much obleeged—Mr. Tibbetts had jest been there and he was alive on points that there wan't room in the sulks, and didn't go to the quiltin' at all.

"Well, that night, as Mr. Tibbetts was seein' of Katie home, and they was walkin' along, talkin' po'try about the moon which was threequarters full and shinin' down bright, what do you think come bulgin' out into the path right afore 'em?

"The bear!" exclaimed little Dan, excitedly.

"The bear!" echoed little Fannie, turning pale.

"Well, yes," said Uncle Bob. "it was a big black bear. He give one fierce growl, and Mr. Tibbetts, jerkin' his arm loose from Katie, took to his heels and run for dear life. He didn't holler 'murder!' for fear the bear'd hear him and take after him. Oh, no!

"The big coward!" muttered little Dan, clenching his tiny fists.

"So he was," said Uncle Bob.

"But poor Miss Katie!" inquired little Fannie, from whose eyes the tears began to drop.

"The bear," continued Uncle Bob, growing excited as he neared the climax of his story, "jest r'ared up on end, catched hold of Katie with his fore paws, hugged her to his shaggy breast, and eyed one bound, carryin' her off into the forest!"

Little Fannie sobbed. Little Dan's eyes flashed, but in spite of him were full of tears.

"Oh, Robert, you shouldn't frighten the childres so," said Aunt Katie, looking up and dropping a stitch.

"Don't carry my dears," said Uncle Bob, patting each of the little heads; "'all's well as ends well.'

"Mr. Tibbetts had hardly finished tellin' the squire about his darter been kerried off by the bear, in spite of Mr. Tibbetts' gallant efforts to rescoo her (in proof of which he showed the scratches on his hands from running through the bushes), and the squire hedn't near got done callin' him all sorts o' hard names, when who should walk in, safe and sound, but Katie herself, and no escortin' of her.

"Bob Staples, says the squire, graspin' of my hand, 'except a father's blessin'!

"I do, I says, a-bowin' my head.

"'But the bar?' says the squire.

"I'll make you a present of his hide to-morrow,' says I, lookin' at Katie.

"'How ken I reward you?' says he.

"'Now's the time or never?' says I to myself, pluckin' up courage.

"By givin' me your darter for a wife!' I answered.

"'Air you willin', Katie?' says the squire.

"'I am,' says she.

"'Me, too,' says I, not waitin' to be axed.

"Jine your right hands,' says the squire.

"We jined 'em.

"By virchoo of the authority vested in me as justice o' the peace for this county, I, accordingly, I pernounce you husband and wife. Whom God hath jined together let not man put asunder!'—and no man did, for neither I," added Uncle Bob, proudly.

"Then it was all made after all?" cried little Fannie. "Oh, auntie, weren't you ever frightened when the bear carried you away?"

"She *would* a ben," said Uncle Bob, "but you see the bear, as he wheeled her away, whispered consolin' in her ear."

"How could a bear whisper, *I* should like to know?" objected doubting Dan.

"Well," replied Uncle Bob, "I may as well come to the *inorat* of my story. It was myself, dressed in a bear's skin, that carried off your aunt and frightened poor Tibbetts out of his wits."

The little ones clapped their hands in glee.

"Now hang up your stockin's for Santy Claws, say your prayers like good children, and go to bed," said Uncle Bob, setting down his instrument and going across to plant a kiss on Aunt Katie's ruddy cheek.

WEEZIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was so long since her real name had been changed to Weezie that she had ceased to own in the big boarding-house where she lived had the faintest idea what it had been. As for a surname, the poor little waif was found an orphan, apparently.

She was a pretty damsel of about twelve, her age being wrapped in the same cloud of mystery as her cognomen. Her face was a pure oval, but too thin for beauty, her hair, cropped close, was black and glossy, and her eyes were of that Southern velvety brown, which, seen in starlight, and framed with heavy silken lash lashes.

Poor little Weezie, she was that most forlorn of all humanity, a charity child in a boarding-house, the slave of a household of changing caprices, the exiliest to rise, the last to retire, nothing about upon the face of the earth cared by the clamsiest of shoes.

The child was fond of me. I was the kind to her as my situation as teacher permitted. Her story, as Mrs. Leavitt, the landlady, told it to me, was very brief. I whispered I had scribed as a "foreign body," had taken the most room in the house and said that from her hand would follow in a few weeks. She had said promptly for one month, and then, to quote Mrs. Leavitt, "having planned, planned died."

A bundle of papers and clothing, the latter I strongly suspected more valuable than Mrs. Leavitt was willing to admit, was the sole legacy left behind by the waif. Leavitt had kept her to do "odd chores," and they sent, and passed without her being claimed.

December was nearly gone, and Christmas coming, when Mons. Chatelan, a Frenchman, who had lived in Sicily for many years, came to New York after an absence of a year or two from this country. He had a beautiful home, weary of hotel life engaged Mrs. Leavitt's second story front. He was a man of forty or thereabouts, with a fine figure, a dark, handsome face, bearing the impress of heavy sorrow, but he was soon a favorite among the boarders, having a gracious courtesy that won at once simple manners, and speaking English well, though with a strong accent.

Weezie worshiped him at a long distance. He would sometimes, as he encountered her gently and tell her to be a good little girl, and Weezie would live in a seventh heaven for hours after the caress. It was strange that the child was so strongly drawn to him, for she seldom saw him, as the rest of the boarding gentlemen in the house had been far more in a child's line of vision and sight. But from the first, Weezie's large soft eyes never rested upon Mons. Chatelan but with an expression of worshiping affection.

"I feel him in my heart like an angel," she whispered to me once, when Mons. Antinua's hand had rested a moment upon her head.

I became interested in Weezie's existence with Mrs. Leavitt to have music often in the evening, and I was frequently called upon to sing and play. Mons. Chatelan was an enthusiastic lover of music, and complimented me often. He discovered that I spoke French, and afterwards always addressed me in that tongue.

And this brings me to Christmas-day. It was a holiday for me, and I went to the parlor in the morning and was about to open the piano, when Mons. Chatelan entered and said:

"The cloud of sorrow had deepened on his handsome face, and he sighed heavily as he said to me:

"Another disappointment. Pardon! for you my dear friend, I know you will not be weary you to hear it? You are so sympathetic, and I have been filled with grief."

I said, and truly, I should not be wearied with any confidence he placed in my keeping.

"It is Zoe's birthday, mademoiselle," he said, "since I was one of the happiest men in the world. I had left France ten years before for Brazil, and invested a small patrimony in diamond-speculating, buying directly from the miners of the mines.

"My wife and three children were my companions in an old ship that had seen service, and was one of the loveliest spots in the beautiful tropical country.

"When my Leon, my eldest boy, was twelve years old, a malignant fever broke out in the village where we lived and my children took terrible rapidly.

"I had in that time made a collection of the most valuable of my precious stones, which I intended to bring to New York for sale, knowing I could realize a sufficient fortune to enable me to return to France and live in comfort for the remainder of my life."

Just at that moment I saw Weezie glide into the room and crouch down behind the window curtain, her eyes fixed upon Mons. Chaelan as if fascinated. Knowing her childish worship of the foreigner, and trusting to the foreign language to keep his confidence inviolate, I said nothing to the child, but kept my face and eyes dilated she listened to him silently.

"But," he continued, "while I was making my final preparations, and hurrying to complete them, Leon and Louis, my two beautiful boys, were both stricken with the fever and died, after an illness of two days. Before my money for her expenses, amounted to full two years, but within a few weeks I had sold a very steamer, and I heard of her arrival safely, and then that she intended leaving her hotel to take rooms in a private boarding-house. The next steamer brought no letter for the next, and I came here in an agony of terror only to meet the realization. I could find no trace of my wife. I advertised for three years, but in vain. Then I returned to Brazil, but I was tortured by the loss of all I held dear, and though I was making a second fortune rapidly, I was irresistibly drawn back to this city. I advertise constantly and receive letters from all parts of the world, but this very morning I have followed a clew only to meet disappointment again. I shall never, never find my lost darling little Madonna."

Here a small figure rose from the window and came forward, and with a quick, murmuring in purely accented French:

"I am here! Little Eloise! I am Leon and Louis my brothers who died! Maman died and papa was to come—papa!"

Mons. Chatelan looked white and senseless across the feet of Mons. Chatelan, who caught her in his arms, and exclaimed:

"What does she say? The servant! Eloise?"

"I flew to my room for restoratives, and the French physician was just recovering from his faint. My quick jerk at the bell was followed by the appearance of Mrs. Leavitt, and had indulgence not being interrupted at such important business as preparing a Christmas-dinner. (Her words, not mine.) Leavitt had been to bring my arms, and large tears rolled down his thin cheeks as he exclaimed:

"To think my dear child was here, here in this house, while I was searching the city for you, Eloise. Eloise, where is me of your mother?"

I would have gone, but a gentle hand detained me, while to my surprise the child, in the long forgotten tongue, often hesitating for a word, told me how her mother had died, and then, the poor child said:

She would have died, to poor Eloise, but passed her arms, with her cheeks red—red like fire, and called for Leon, Leon, all the time Soulgrave was—was—"

And Mons. Chatelan ground his teeth as he uttered the last word.

"Ah, my poor Marie! And you—have you not been searching for your child?"

And Mons. Chatelan ground his teeth as he uttered the last word.

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And Mons. Chatelan ground his teeth as he uttered the last word.

"Ah, my poor Marie! And you—have you not been searching for your child?"

"To think my dear child was here, here in this house, while I was searching the city for you, Eloise. Eloise, where is me of your mother?"

I would have gone, but a gentle hand detained me, while to my surprise the child, in the long forgotten tongue, often hesitating for a word, told me how her mother had died, and then, the poor child said:

She would have died, to poor Eloise, but passed her arms, with her cheeks red—red like fire, and called for Leon, Leon, all the time Soulgrave was—was—

LITTLE MARGARET.

BY REV. M. A. RIDDER.

Sweet little Margaret, beautifully dressed,
Patiently tolling and doing her best,
All her soft hair, bright as silk of the corn,
Close to her head, like a poor laddie's shorn.

Could she look back at the cold wintry day,
When at the door of the work-house she lay,
Mem'ry would render her poor little soul
Sadder than ever as weary days roll.

Sixteen long summers have passed o'er her head,
Since she slept low in that dreary bed;
Five tollsome years have her busy hands scored,
Since she was "bounden" to Lord and for board.

Poor are her garments, and shoes she has none;
This brings the blushes—for Maggie has grown
Tall, like the nettle-flower; and certain unrest
Veils at the maidenly thoughts in her breast.

Other girls learn at the school and the kirk,
She must know nothing, do nothing but work;
Other girls boast of their ribbons and hats,
Maggie has nothing but beauty and grace.

Now, pretty Maggie, a secret I'll tell—
Young farmer Grey, that yon meet at the well,
Watches you covertly, pitying your life,
Pain, by and by, he would make you his wife.

Ah! you "owe" him for him, when all is done?
Girls' hearts are riddles as sure as the sun;
Better, perhaps, then, to tell us you do.
Unthanked, than wed without love, and then, rue.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "WHICH SHALL BE HEIR?" "A FAIR MISTAKE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LYNCH LAW—THE RESCUE.

Kit cast a wild look around him, but saw that there was no alternative. Dick still held on to him and the others had closed around him, so he desperately went forward and entered the first passage, several yards in length, which opened into the cave. The others followed, and found themselves in a gloomy looking place, with water streaming down the rocky walls, forming a pool in the floor. A second narrow entrance, which had not been blocked up, led from this into a small rotundin, from which branched several passages leading to one knew whither, unless such knowledge had been gained by Markley. He said, in a sneer:

"Search for yourselves, gentlemen. I have nothing to show you, for the person you are in pursuit of will certainly not be found here."

He sat down on a huge bowlder lying on the floor, and Dick remained in charge of him, while the others moved away under the direction of Osborn. He was certain that he could find his way to the spot in which Mawyers was concealed that it was unnecessary to compel the reluctant proprietor of the place to accompany them. Before leaving him in the custody of Dick, however, as a matter of precaution the feet of the prisoner were securely tied together with a rope they had brought with them.

The three then entered a lateral passage, ending in a small enclosed space with a hole in the ceiling, along one side of the wall. The drippings from the roof had formed a certain basin in front of this which glittered brilliantly in the light of their candles. They glanced to the recess by an opening on one side, and to the dismay of their guide found it not only empty, but with no evidence that it had been lately occupied. Osborn said:

"I was certain we should find him here. If you are sure, Mr. Kirke, that your friend has been brought to this place, there is nothing left now but to make Kit Markley speak. There are two other passages known to me for a short distance, but so far as I have explored them there is no place of concealment. They were literally dangerous, and no one ventured far in them. We might search for days without finding him."

Kirke said, in a determined tone:

"Mawyers must know something tells me that he is not far away. It is useless to waste time in explorations that may lead to nothing. We will deal with that wretch as he deserves, and if he does not speak quick he will fall into the law in our own hands, and make him understand that he need expect no mercy unless he leads us to the spot in which he has concealed his victim. Let us go back at once and confront him."

They retraced their steps to the rotunda, and found the two men had left a prisoner. Up on the rock, the negro holding a knife in his hand with which he stabbed Markley had threatened his life when they were left together. It was a table knife, which he had pocketed unnoticed, and when the first assault was made upon his door, and secreted about him.

Dick chuckled as he said:

"He thought he was sure, but law! he aint no match for me. I could squash him in my arms till every bone in his body would be broken. When he pulled that air thing out's his pocket, I was ready for him, and it was jes' child's play to take it away from him."

Markley looked up, with a defiant face, and said:

"You found nothing to criminate me, and I now demand that you shall let me go, and mind your own business. It's been published enough for stabbing Sullivan, and I don't believe you've got any lawful authority to interfere with me."

"You are mistaken there, sir, for here is the warrant for your arrest on that charge," said Mr. Winter, exhibiting the paper as he spoke.

"Whether we have authority or not we shall deal with you as mercilessly as you have dealt with your prisoner, unless he confess your crime against him and show us where he is to be found."

"How can I show you where he is when I look for yourselves that there is no one hidden here? You dare not do anything to me in the law line."

"We shall see that," said Kirke, sternly. "There is such a thing as Lynch law in this country, and it is good enough for such a miscreant as you are. We shall force another into a court and sit on your case, giving you the punishment you deserve if you refuse to lead us to the spot in which I am convinced Julius Mawyers is imprisoned."

The face of Markley changed slightly, and after a brief pause, he said:

"You are only trying to frighten me. The worst you will dare to do will be to bind me and hold me a prisoner to Fredericksburg. I should get off easy after so long a time, and I can bear a few months' imprisonment."

"You had better make up your mind that we will proceed to extremities with you, if you do not comply with my demand. A rumor of what is suspected has only to be started, and in a few hours the men of the county would be on search of their way here to penetrate into every nook of this cave, and discover what you would fain hide from us. I do not think much publicity just yet, so I shall force you to speak. With this additional crime laid to your charge, do you suppose that your sentence before a legal court would be less than imprisonment for life?"

These words seemed to impress Markley a few moments: his face fell, and he seemed to be weighing possibilities in his half dazed mind; but he at length said:

"I have nothing to reveal, and it is hard that you will not believe me."

A curious scene followed this denial. A mock court was formed, of which Mr. Winter was judge, Kirke and Osborn, jury, Dick, sheriff, and an informal trial took place, by which the prisoner was convicted on Dick's affidavit, Kirke taking on himself the office of executioner.

To the end of the proceedings, Markley looked resentful and incredulous. He refused to speak in his own defense, asserting that he knew of nothing wrong, and they would not dare to commit the last outrage they threatened.

But Kirke looked stern as fate, and faced the condemned, pistol in hand, solemnly saying:

"Kneel and ask forgiveness for your sins, for I will have no more mercy for you than you have shown to the unfortunate man who has fallen in your power. A bullet in the floor, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The solemnity of his manner, at last, had its effect on Markley. He began to believe that his captors were thoroughly in earnest, and his own life might be the forfeit if he refused their demands.

Dick forced him to his knees in spite of his struggles, and the inexorable man in front of him held his pistol, ready to fire, exactly in a line with his head. He cowered to the earth and cried out:

"Don't shoot! don't shoot! for God's sake! I didn't think you'd go so far, but I do believe you mean to kill me!"

"Is Julian Mawyers in this cave? Yes or no, or I fire."

"It's no use to say no, for you wouldn't believe me," was the sullen response. "Put down that six-shooter and I'll tell the truth. John can't blame me when he knows that my life was at stake."

Kirke lowered his pistol with a half smile, for he had accomplished all he had intended by intimidating the prisoner so far as to wring a confession from him. He said:

"Get up and allow your limbs to be freed. Take us to the place we seek, and remember that if there is any faltering or delay, I am following you with my pistol ready for use."

Muttering some inaudible words, Markley obeyed the command to arise, the rope was removed, and the prisoner led out toward the side of the cave opposite to that they had explored.

They entered a wide opening which narrowed as they proceeded, and at the end of a quarter of a mile seemed to close in with a solid wall of rock. Fearful of the loaded pistol in each close proximity to his body, Kit hastened to unclose a door similar to the one which had been broken down, and followed closely by the others entered a narrow passage of considerable length, ending in a wide chamber, which seemed to be perfectly empty. He led the way to the farther side of this, and turned to remove from which bowlders of rock had been piled up to cut it off from the wide space beyond.

No words were spoken among the party, for the interest was too breathless at this point of the search to permit them to make a single comment. Suddenly a smothered cry was heard from behind the barrier of rocks, which said:

"In God's name, Kit Markley! Have you come with your wretch of a brother to finish your job by killing me? I have not forgotten the shooting. Oh! if I could only defend myself I would not die in a rat hole like this!"

To this despairing cry Kirke replied by rushing forward and assisting in loud tones:

"We have come for you, Mr. Mawyers, not to destroy."

"It's I, James Kirke, and you are rescued!"

By the time these words were spoken he was beside the shelf of rock which a few feet over all had been spread, and on them lay the worn and emaciated form of Mawyers, with his feet chained fast to a staple driven in the floor of the dungeon. In a cleft on one side was a pitcher with water in it, and some crusts of bread beside it.

With a cry which had in the tones of Kirke many days afterward he threw himself forward, clutched the hand that was held out to him, and, bursting in sobs that shook his whole frame, sobbed:

"God has heard my prayers and sent me help when I had almost despaired of rescue. You are sent in time to save me from a terrible death by semi-starvation and confinement in this horrible noisome place of darkness."

While he was speaking the others were busy removing the chains from the feet of Mawyers, who, aided him to rise and stand on the floor. At first he seemed scarcely able to walk, but after a few moments' exercise he found that with the assistance of the others he was able to move, and he walked slowly and dazed after the treatment to which he had been subjected.

"Get me out of this," he gasped. "I cannot feel that I am free till I see the blessed light of heaven once more. I was driven mad by the fear that I should starve to death for want of food, and on these days I have been fed only on bread and water. Oh! I am sure I have suffered enough for I shall go mad, if I am kept much longer in this horrible place. Kirke, you have my undying gratitude for this noble deed, and that wretch yonder has been the instrument of Satan to accomplish the diabolical schemes of his master."

He pointed to Markley who had made an attempt to steal away in the excitement of his release. Mawyers, but Dick kept a sharp eye on him, and pounced upon him before he had gone many steps. He brought him back by the collar of his coat, and thinking that he might have a use for it, and he was tired by exertion, he took off the prisoner's and fastened the end to his own wrist.

"You had better believe you aint having a string to go away from me now," he growled. "You jest try it again, an' I'll punch your head till 'taint nothin' shine. My maraster's got a use for you, he has, an' I'm goin' to keep you safe till you're through with."

This assurance, followed by the accusation of Mawyers, completely broke down the courage of the poor wretch, and he fell upon his knees.

"I only did what I was told, and if I hadn't been kinder to Mr. Mawyers than my orders warranted, I don't believe you would allive."

"It is well for you that we did not find his dead body," said Osborn. "Were there blemish or a weapon cord should, in that case, have finished your story. You must thank your stars that you've got to escape, and I will shoot you as I would a dog."

While the above was passing Kirke had come out of the cave, and he stood enraptured at the sight of the blue sky and the sunshine, while a large fire was made on the hearth, and some of the party busied in preparing food for cooking, was laid upon the coals. Corn pone was baked in the ashes, and the fragrance of coffee was sat down to a meal which he often afterward declared was the most delicious one he had ever tasted. Osborn and Dick had also fasted long, and under the stimulating effects of food and drink they soon quieted themself strong enough to descend to the river, and seek more comfortable quarters.

While he ate, Kirke explained to him how he came to suspect he had probably met with, and how he was defained, and what measures he had taken to rescue him.

As he arose from the table, Mawyers said:

"I can never be grateful enough to you and to Miss Deering, for your clear sightedness and prompt action now. But I am not free to go away through, and I must have died. I have not flow one to explain to her the cause of the loss of time by which I was brought here, but when we are in the boat I will tell my story."

Kirke assented to this, and the party prepared to leave the mountain cabin.

The visit to the cave of Mawyers had on when he was abducted had been taken from him when he was imprisoned, but Kirke had in his wardrobe overcoat with a pair of half-worn nether garments that Mawyers could wear, and he was enabled to produce these, together with his shoes and stockings, in which the latter was ready to leave. Kit had sunk into sullen and hopeless silence, and left unseen Osborn took back to the mutitted to be taken down to the boat without a word of remonstrance.

Kirke and Mawyers alternately assisted Mawyers in the descent, but with every step in the fresh evening air his strength grew stronger, and by the time they gained the boat, which had been brought down by Osborn and Dick, he was able to tell well enough to make every exertion that was necessary. A rapid freeboating was then made, and telegraph to Agnes that he was safe and on his way to her. He also sent a note of advice to police headquarters in New York, ordering a strict watch to be kept on Markley till he should be called to persons and have him arrested on the charges he had to make against him. A guard he had left in charge of the cave and of Kirkwood, his friend agreed to this arrangement, saying that he would send down a party from the Sandy Cove station to Steiwood as soon as possible.

Osborn and Dick left them at Sandy Cove, the young moon was high in the sky, and the clouds were gathering heavily in the west. Kirke and Mawyers pushed out from the little cove and set out on the point before the storm which it knew that morning.

Kirke then reminded Mawyers of his promise, and he gave them the story of his abduction. He described the circumstances of the office at the time he was attacked by faintness brought on by overwork, and then went on:

"I have no idea of what happened to me for days afterward. I must have been drugged while on the way to the cave, for I have a faint recollection of a woman's face bending over me, and of a voice which I should have known if I had been conscious, but which I could not identify. I was then left to the solitude of the dungeon, and I soon found that I was chained to the rock, where I was to remain. I was allowed bread and water, and the latter was brought in a pitcher, which was left on a shelf of rock

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Dangers of Shopping.

It is getting to be somewhat hazardous for the most respectable of women to venture upon shopping in this city, even in what are considered the most respectable of stores. An extraordinary state of facts, bearing out our assertion, was developed by a recent trial in Court.

Two sisters, of irreproachable character, were looking at some articles in one of our most extensive and dry goods establishments, when one of them observed some towels with a peculiar border which she thought would match some that she had at home. Wishing to attract the attention of her sister who had moved off a short distance she turned toward her holding up some of the towels in her hand. To her utter astonishment her sister instantly seized a floor-walker, she and her sister were accused of theft, and in spite of their protestations of innocence the twain were marched through the crowded store and the public stress to a Police Station, where they were detained over night, in separate cells, without food, and in a state of intense anxiety and mental anguish.

We are informed that similar mistaken arrests are not very infrequent at other stores; at all events, this is not the first of its kind that has come to our knowledge: and it is sufficient, in itself, to show how careful women should be in examining anything they wish to purchase when surrounded by suspicions and indiscriminating clerks and floor-walkers.

The worst of the matter is that on the theory that the acts are unauthorized by the employers, or on some other ground, there is generally a failure to recover any adequate or at all adequate for such an injury and insult.

If stores should acquire a reputation for unwarranted arrests they will be apt to be avoided, and this might be the most speedy and only practicable retribution that can be visited upon them.

Well Enough for the Rulers—Bad for the People.

Now after a disastrous year for the Russians it is rumored that the Great Powers will interfere, and that a peace will be patched up between Russia and Turkey.

If we are to have peace between these two countries now, why could not peace have just as well have been preserved before it had ever been broken?

There has been no permanent, substantial gain to either side worth the money and men the war has cost. The wounded, the maimed, the bereaved, the impoverished—what is to compensate them for? This war, like most wars, was made for the rulers, to the great injury of the people.

When the world shall have grown more enlightened, and popular rights are better understood and more respected, wars will be of less frequent occurrence, if they do not even become wholly unknown.

Festive Days.

This is the season of joy and festivity. It is well to be lively and hilarious. It is well to make the most of human life. It is well to subscribe for the *Ledger*, and to enjoy reading it, and to follow its sage advice—and to send a copy to a friend. What present would be more highly appreciated throughout the whole year?

This is a suggestion which we throw out for the benefit of whom it may concern.

"If Possible."

[From the Shelburne (Ontario) Free Press.]

NEW YORK LEDGER.—This valuable paper comes to us regularly every week, and, if possible, each issue is superior to its predecessor.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, INDEED!"

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., N.Y.

The writer was, many years ago, witness of a most painful scene. In a family well-circumstanced but for its own discord, a consecration was taking his leave, and at the door to which he was escorted by the husband, he said, naturally enough, in his leave-taking: "Well, good-by; I wish you a happy New Year." The husband's brow darkened as he turned away. Something had been suggested not only improbable, but painful by its tantalizing suggestion. To utter the hope was only to mock his misery. He muttered, with unsuscribable bitterness, "A happy New Year, indeed!"

The unhappy man was the husband of a wife abnormally aloof in her existence in a great thing in its place. But employed at the wrong time, in the wrong way and on the wrong side, it is a great evil; and served out in large quantities, under a strong, misdirected temper, and with great persistency, to one person, it may become a great vexation. His was the unhappy condition, known alas! to all his friends and neighbors, of the one auditor. Hence the indignation and bitterness with which he flung off the wish, which only suggested his misery. He did not expect a happy new year. It might be, under given circumstances it might have been for him; but as it was—"A happy new year, indeed!"

Not many of our people, we hope, realize this kind of wretchedness. But without a domestic horrorstruck one may in other ways forecast a year that shall not be happy. At its beginning, and while such kind wishes are sounding in our ears, it may not be amiss to catalogue some of the preventable ills that wage successful war with happiness.

Are you in Debt? Are you holding out to the world the appearance of competence while mortgaged to others, and in his power? Then you have a kill-joy that rises up and lies down with you; a terrible task-master; a bad counsellor that follows you to church; that sits beside you at the concert; that dogs your steps everywhere. Then there is no real comfort in a carriage, and forbids you to give, open, and utterly happy. The man, you are not really your own, but in great part your creditor's. Give yourself up to enjoyment! You cannot; so much of your gain is under the control of another. Get out of debt as soon as you can, if you would be happy.

Do you drink? It is an old and hackneyed theme, but men can no more be silent about it than about lying, or stealing, or killing, so long as the temptation and the tempted are here. You drink, and any hour may be an attack, a broken promise, a disaster; at your best estate as a drunkard provoking contempt. In your worst, grossly degrading that in an hour which a lifetime's tears will not wipe out. If you would have a happy year, forswear the drunkard that maddens, in the not drinks. Madam? Well, what then? Oh! you take drugs, opium, or morphine, or chloral, and nobody knows of it. Ah! Madam, more know it than you suppose. At least *you* know it, and God knows it. Give it up, if you would be a happy year.

Are you entangled with the bad? Have you guilty secrets? Are there secret pleasures, illicit joys that really compromise you? Are you trusting to luck to get the unprincipled because for the present they serve your ends, and swear to be faithful? Then, so far, for can you trust the bad? When it is more their interest to betray than to defend you, why should they not? Is it not true, if you would be a happy year.

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Are you beyond your means? One of two things is likely to happen. Either your possibilities will be deadened; or your apprehension will grow into growing embarrassments.

"I have not been so much out of money for years as I have been since last Sunday morning," said a stranger, with a face that bounced man. He had been living for years at a rate he could not afford. He had borrowed where he had no right to borrow to cover the deficit, and on that Sunday morning he had disclosed the fact that he had ruined a trusting brother, a fond wife, a young family, and himself irretrievably. But the actual, known, positive misery was more endurable than the secret self-loathing and the vague and terrible apprehension.

Have you no outlook beyond this life? Or are you to drop out of it and go you know not whither? Are you wholly unprepared, unfurnished men, under

> "the dread of something after death—
> The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveler returns."

Does conscience thus make a coward of you? How can you be happy? That power in you to hinder, and foe to your every joy every hour death kills not, or if you are not assured of that, how can you be happy? Can you? Then, by every motive in this life, by every consideration that it might have been for him; but as it was—"A happy new year, indeed!"

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ILLUSIONS.

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

These play a very important part in the conduct of life. I use the word *illusion* as signifying something different from delusion. The former may be only a phantom or show, that lifts us onward and upward, while the latter implies our being led astray. To be deluded is to be made to believe a lie, while an illusion may be the shadow or ghost of something real.

The natural world is full of illusions. The apparent rising and setting of the sun,—the moon's wonderful changes, that puzzle the country man when you get caught in them,—the mirage, that reveals things lying below the horizon and shows us ships sailing keel up in the air,—the full moon, which, as it emerges from the horizon, appears to be twice as large as it does when it is over our head, while, if looked at through a tube, or measured by an instrument, it is found to be of precisely the same diameter,—the coming together to a point of two right lines, when seen in perspective,—the mistake of supposing the train in which we are seated to be in motion, when we look out at our side begins to start,—the deceptive ideas that we have of the height of the mountains and of the distance of the stars, and the natural and a lofty mountain which may seem to be close at hand, when in fact it is scores of miles away,—these are illusions of a kind that are familiar to us all. There are other forms of optical illusion which depend upon the principle that motion may be quicker than sight, such as the extraordinary tricks of the juggler, or prestidigitator, which are performed by the help of professors of this science,—the continuous circle of fire produced by a burning brand whirled in the air, and the fantastic movements of painted figures in the popular toy known as the Zoetrope. And, again, the mental and moral illusions may be the result of an excited fancy, as when one sees spectres and hobgoblins.

Illusions also exist though not to the same extent, in the region of sound. Sometimes the midnight wind gets such a wail, such a moan and groan and sigh; the ocean moans as if it were in pain, and a distant train passing over or under the rushing air itself that we hear, when it is only the resistance of the rocks and hills and trees that lie in its way. Illusions necessary sometimes. A man high up in a balloon may be blown along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, and he will hear nothing. Every body knows what strange illusions may be produced by an echo, and these are sometimes startling when they are strange; and an accomplished ventriloquist may easily make one believe that he hears a man talking down the chimney. By directing the attention to a particular locality he may make another person's sound originates there, which comes from another region. A friend of mine, to his great amusement, astonished the audience by occasionally removing the flute upon which he was supposed to be playing, several inches from his lips and without any cessation of the tune—a confederate behind the curtain having in fact furnished all the music, while he merely went through with the motions. An excited imagination has a wide field in the domain of sound, especially at night, when the antics of a mouse, operating under favorable circumstances from a pile of rustling papers and bran or other reverberating substances, have sometimes led to very serious consultations.

In the department of touch there is not the same facility for illusions, and yet the hand may sometimes deceive itself. Put a thermometer 30 below zero the sensation of cold is intolerable, whereas 30 above is not so, and at all times a blanket feels much warmer than a slab of marble, although they are both of the same actual temperature. The sensation of the fingers and roll a marble between their tips it is very difficult to believe that you are not touching two marbles. Just as motion may be quicker than sight, so a bullet or a knife may inflict a serious wound, so suddenly that there is no time for the brain to become cognizant of the fact. A gentleman was severely injured from a railroad car while in motion and fell near the wheels told me that when he picked himself up he could not satisfy himself upon his escape from injury, when, to his surprise, his left arm dropped from its position, and afterward dug out of the *debris* of the car that was crushed in the collision. The shock, but I have not the slightest recollection even of having been jarred. The thing was over before the nerves of pain had time to convey sentence to the brain. It is a comfort to know that those who go out of the world by the guillotine or tanceons way suffer nothing in the transition.

Even in the department of taste and smell there is some room for illusion. I have been told that a smoker cannot tell whether his cigar is lighted or not unless he sees the smoke. One who is ordinarily very fastidious about his food, might be very much puzzled to tell one kind of meat from another, if he ate in the dark. Many a *bon vivant* has been betrayed into praising a very cheap wine, when it is served in a costly bottle, and with a pretentious seal. There are fashionable perfumes that would be very much improved if we knew where they came from. So that every sense is open to illusion, and yet, so far as the external world is concerned, we are obliged to trust them and make the best of their infirmities.

Is there any place for illusion in the region of *science?* Some will answer indignantly and promptly, "No. Everything is fixed and certain there." How is it, then, that we have so many different and contradictory theories in almost every department of science?—in astronomy, and geology, and archæology, and biology, and all the other ologies? Are there no illusions in chemistry, yea, even in logic and mathematics, the most rigid of all sciences? Is there no room for mistake about the matter would say that two straight lines which converge must sooner or later meet, and yet mathematicians tell us that convergence may be so slight that they will never meet. Figures may be used in such a way as to produce results which are inexplicable by any known laws of arithmetic. And what is there that may be so clear as that proved by the processes of logic? "A Scythian says that all Scythians are liars." Is not the exact truth, he himself must be a liar, because he is a Scythian; and if he speaks the truth he is a liars are not liars." Paradox is recognized in science, and is a source of confusion.

There is no practical trouble growing out of all this, and it teaches an important lesson. All there is a limit to human knowledge, and also that any one set of our faculties needs to be guarded and qualified by the other endowments which a good Providence has conferred upon us.

If we Live we Must Grow Old.

Some people think that age is the worst thing we have to dread—a misfortune. Perhaps it may be an entrance into joy such as we have never known; but whose blood does not curdle a little at the thought of old age? And yet, if we live, we must grow old. We all know it, but few realize it. No one can believe that *his* strength and beauty will fail him, that he will fall into wrinkles. We see these things come to our grandparents and to other people's themselves; and then we suffer. But what young person can look in the mirror and actually fancy what his face will be in old age?

To think of being old is terrible to many persons; yet old people often seem very happy. Perhaps a calm we know nothing of comes with age, or it may be that we grow old so gradually that we scarcely realize when it arrives. After all, it is seldom that one sees so old that he is not willing to live another year.

Wants a Cook.

The *Rockport* (Indiana) *Gazette* does gratuitous advertising after the following quaint manner:

David Furgason is gathering corn on the Fort Wilkinson farm, near Snyder's Landing. The crop is the best that ever was on the farm. Mr. Furgason is going to cultivate Uncle Ford's farm next year. Furgason lives in Warrick county, and has a fine farm near Lynville, is a widower, and wants a cook.

MINNIE FAY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Farmer Fay and his comely old wife
Thought Christmas-eve brought them more blessings than were sitting.
His newspaper lay on his lap,
While she counted the rounds of her knitting.
The yule log alight on the hearth
Flared up into flame red and yellow,
Till shadows from ceiling to sill
Turned amber and amethyst mellow.

"Where's Minnie gone, mother?" he asked at last;
Her empty chair looks kind o' dreary."
"With Benedict boy, for a wonder!"
Her answer came slowly, but clearly.
Then, giving no time for the words
Of bitter complaint that were ready,
The wife went on added: "My dear,
That Benedict boy is so steady:

"He's old as you were when we wed,
And I was as Minnie's age nearly.
When, walking from singing school home,
You told me you loved me right dearly.
How time does go on. Have you thought
About the child's gifts for the morning?"
"Well now I forgot. I must go
And buy her some cornel" and adorning:

"I'll buy her a frock, red and blue,
Or maybe a bang-up, new bonnet
Of nice yellow silk, with a plume."
Stuck up kind o' sideways upon it."
Farmer Fay counted out the fifteen
Bent laughing now over the knitting,
Then guess the money he gave her
By his recklessly gleeson outfitting.

"Well, father!" she laid her work down
And dropped her specs over the leaves.
Of something she loves more than all:
She don't need a bonnet to prinking,
Dear dutiful daughter." The fire
Fell low over ashes and scattered,
And up the long walk from the gate
There came a merry, glad clatter.

When Minnie looked wistfully round
Through light of the glad Christmas morn,
She found neither bonnet or frock
After her parents' adorning.
But down in the sole of her shoe
A new pair was tucked, and "your beau
Will have you, I'm willin', I s'pose,
And this to get a true-love."

OLD LORD LOVAT.

BY JAMES A. MAITLAND.

Of all the objects shown to visitors in the Tower of London the most impressive, perhaps, are the block and axe formerly used for beheading traitors. The former, which is a huge, heavy mass of wood, about two feet high, two feet thick, and three feet long, is placed in the centre of the upper part to receive the breast of the sufferer, and a corresponding excavation on the other side for the head. The marks of the axe are still plainly visible on the block, some of them showing by their depth the unsteadiness of the executioner's stroke. The axe is an ancient, awkward instrument, which seemed to me, when I handled it, to be very ill adapted to its purpose. There used to be shown, also, an awful-looking mask, through which the executioner wore when he performed his office, so that he should not be afterward recognized by the friends of his victim.

On this block, or on one like it, perished the queens of Henry VIII., Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Algernon Sidney, Lord William Russell, and many other illustrious persons, both men and women, whose crime in the sovereign's eyes was the loss of a head.

The last who were beheaded in England, were the Scottish Lord Lovat, who laid upon that block, a hundred and thirty years ago, his head heavy with the snows of eighty years. He was beheaded in 1747, and since that time the axe and the block have never been used in England.

For five centuries, as the old man himself said, the family of Lovat had belonged to the class of Scottish gentlemen, and he was the twenty-third person of his line who had fallen by the axe. Lord Lovat and his ancestors had been chieftains of the clan of the Frazers, living among their people in princely state, exercising over their vassals an authority not far from absolute. The abode of the Lovats was a castle, which was large and well furnished, and chiefly adorned with the trophies of the chase. They maintained a sort of court, and were constantly attended by a crowd of horse-legged retainers, for whose entertainment a feast was daily spread. Even down to near the middle of the last century, these retainers, at the close of the evening of the house, slept upon straw, which was spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, and which was carried away every morning, retiring to the upper floors. In such style lived the Lovats, even down to 1745, when the son of the Pretender landed in Scotland to make one more attempt for the restoration of his family.

From the best accounts we have of those times it seems that the part which old Lord Lovat was a sad reprobate, by turns a traitor to both the royal families, and having no guiding principle except his own interest. For his betrayal of the Stuarts he had been imprisoned in the castle of Paris, and rewarded by the English government with court favor, as well as by more substantial recognition. In 1745, being seventy years old, and full of great bulk of body, and unable from the weakness of his legs to walk a step, he undertook to send his eldest son to join the Pretender, himself remaining at home. The rebel army defeated at Culloden, and was driven over to rebellion, and its adherents had to seek safety in exile or concealment.

But this corpulent lord was unable to stir from his abode without assistance, and the fact was well known to the people of the town. They carried him by main strength more than a hundred miles across the country to the west land, to an island in lake Morar, and drew up on its shore the only boat in the vicinity. A long, low, narrow boat it was, with two very solid human legs, muffled up in flannel, like those of a man afflicted with the gout. The boat was rowed out to a vessel that lay there, that belonged to the rebel chief of whom they were in search.

Of all the prisoners captured in that rebellion none seems to have excited so much interest as the corpulent old lord. Even in this fat and helpless old lord, notorious in two rebellions, and of long practice in the intrigue and despotic rule over his clan. He was carried to London in a sort of cage, escorted by sixty dragoons, a great curiosity by day, during which he behaved with a curious mixture of ceremony and brutality. He arrived in London he was kept for a few days at an inn; and during that time it was that he was "interviewed" by the great painter of the day, Hogarth, who drew and engraved a capital likeness of him. Copies of this picture were in such demand that for a week the press was kept going night and day printing them. For several weeks the curiosity of the city, as his biographer relates, received for these portraits "at the rate of twelve pounds a day." On reaching the Tower the old man said:

"If I were not so old and infirm you would find it difficult to keep me here."

They told him they had kept much younger men than he.

"Yes," said he, "but they were inexperienced; they have not broke as many jails as I have."

He was brought to trial after long delay, before the House of Lords. After several days' trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be put to death; upon which he asked the lords to recommend him to the mercy of the king, and then, turning to the manager of the trial, said:

"I hope as ye are stout, ye will be merciful."

Upon leaving the bar he said to the whole court, with much politeness:

"God bless you all. I wish you an everlasting farewell, for we shall never meet again in this place."

After some months' detention in the Tower the order came for his execution. The old man retained his gaiety and his politeness to the last. On the fatal morning he woke at three o'clock, and said his prayers with great devotion. At five, according to his custom, he called for a glass of warm wine and water, after which he spoke cheerfully, took a book and read for an hour or two with perfect composure. He was carefully to have his wig properly dressed, and provided himself with a purse with ten guineas in it as a fee to the executioner. At breakfast he ate heartily, and drank to the health of his friends in his usual leverage of wine and water.

At eleven he was summoned to the scaffold, when he requested every one to withdraw while he said a prayer. On his way to the scaffold, every step of which he took with half-carried, his behavior was in the highest style of old-fashioned courtesy. After getting down the first flight of stairs with much fatigue, the Governor of the Tower invited him to come into his room to rest himself. He entered, bowed to the company very graciously, and conversed with all his accustomed ease.

Proceeding on his way he came at length in view of a few spectators, to whom he bowed. He spoke of his executioner kindly as if it concerned another person, and made various requests regarding the disposition of his head and clothes. One request was that his clothes should not be given to the executioner, as was usual, and to compensate him for the loss he said he should give him ten guineas, instead of the customary three guineas. He wished also that his head might be received in a cloth and placed in his coffin, which was then to be put up to people. As he was being helped up the steps of the scaffold, catching sight of the crowd which covered the roofs, and even the rigging of the ships, as far as the eye could reach, he cried gayly:

"God save us! Why should there be such a hustle about taking off an old man's head that can not get up three steps without three bodies to support it?"

Observing one of his friends standing by who appeared to be much dejected, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Cheer up thy heart, man! I am not afraid; why should you be?"

Seated in his chair on the scaffold he called for the executioner, gave him the ten guineas, asked to see the axe, felt the edge, and said:

"I believe it will do."

He then read the inscription on his coffin, which, besides giving his name and title, stated that he was "beheaded April 9th, 1747, in the eightieth year of his age." After this he repeated the famous line from Horace:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"

He thanked his servants and attendants, and calling to a member of his family, he said:

"Thy dear James, I am going to heaven; but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world."

He then took off his hat, wig, and coat, ordered the cap to be put on, loosened his cravat and the collar of his shirt, knelt down at the block and with his own hands arranged the cloth intended to receive his head. He said the executioner that he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. He remained silent and motionless about half a minute, and then threw the handkerchief on the floor, his head was severed from his body by a single blow. How strange to think that such scenes as these, so barbarous and so absurd, were possible in Great Britain as recently as the year 1747, when George Washington was a boy of fifteen!

"Just Ready to Give Up."

I doubt if there is a living woman out of her teens to whom there has not come that moment of utter weariness and of dissatisfaction with herself, and with every one and everything about her, in which mentally and morally weary and her soul tired—she has declared herself "just ready to give up," and mentally resigned abandoning life's wicked world and all its sufferings, has flown to that haven of rest, her own room, and by plunging headfirst into the pillows, made her moan.

She has done her best and remains unappreciated. She has struggled and failed without winning a kind thought. She has given her strength and her tenderness, and her meed has been blame. Nobody cares for her own work, whatever it may be, seems so poor, her every effort so vain, she must be a mere cipher, or she would never be thought so little of. "His" grandmother's pinnafitti-pies were better than hers, despite the experience of two generations of cook-books. Or, if her ambition has taken loftier flights, and she has tried her paint or sing as the great ones can. Why was woman put upon earth? Why was she put there, since she has come to wish that the world would slip quietly out of her body and be at rest?

The pillow is wet with tears. The sunlight, falling salant through the shutters, kisses a weary brow. There is no desperate trouble to bear, no great sorrow to endure, but the heart to make rhymes about. Again the poor little soul, not caring whether she has company or not, sobs—"O, I do feel just ready to give up." Let no one laugh at her. She does feel like giving up, and that is what she expresses herself perfectly.

Ah, dear, you know all about it, my dear—the aching heart, the hot head, the tear-scalded eyes! "He" went out without kissing you, and the children were troublesome, and Biddy has been impudent, and a friend has been saying things against you, and the baby has been coming too early, and a line or two on the forehead. Youth is gone, or going, and love and friendship with it, and you are left to sit down stairs until your feet ache, and you are "ready to give up." You have said about it.

And then, just at your worst, what happens? First a little voice in the door says, crying "Mamma," and you say: "There is Baby, my love." And then that cross, impudent Biddy, calmed down, with a cup of tea, and "Please, ma'am, if you've a bow and ribbon to spare, and you know I've a temper of my own, when the washing is too sore, and she's been and the words said, if you please." Well, Biddy is a good soul, after all. And then a letter from Fannie: "Oh! my dear—I never meant to be unkind—I'll see you more than ever. *To say* I may come to see you?" And, after all, Fannie is a dear, and how could you doubt her! And then, as almost comforted, you watch the twilight steal in. "He" comes home with a little bouquet of violets and tokens for a censer, and you meet him with kiss, and it's all right again. "Give up!" Why, no. What an idea! You'll "give up" when your hairs are locked let's you. Only, as you smile away your tears, remember the poor woman to whom comforters never come, and who really "gave up"—there have been such—and pray for them.

M. K. D.

Encouragement.

Whenever you can sincerely encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them. Why leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the chilling frosts of disapproval. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams—trees that will climb without kindly training; but not only a few. Utter the kind word, do the deed; give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" will kill many a bud of promise.

Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her lessons, to such praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "stablished their feet."

M. K. D.

A Singular Marriage Announcement.

[From the Alabama Herald.]

MARRIED.

PATTERSON—FRADAY.—At the bride's residence in Scottsboro, on Sunday morning, 23d inst., 1877, by Rev. W. J. Couch, Mr. Henry Patterson, of Stevenson, and Mrs. Jane Fraday, of Scottsboro.

Though their romance came to a happy termination, since they are both middle-aged, still we hope their wedded life will be none the less blissful. The two persons whose union is above chronicled were chanced to be married when she was but a seventeen year old girl. A lover's quarrel and a separation was next. Then she married somebody else, and he followed suit. After many years of married life, and each with a house full of children, some of whom are married, they being both widowed, renewed their courtship with the above happy result. So "all's well that ends well."

AT THE THRESHOLD.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Now, while the lengthening sunset shadows fall
Athwart the golden threshold of the year,
And Nature dons her hidden-gray—and all
The woods are and and sere;

While Autumn, piping by the lonely rills
His doleful octave of November glees,
Still lingers mid the lone blue-misted hills,
And melancholy dales;

While some divinely sweet Intelligence—
Born of the hour—communes with us apart,
And shapes with higher, holier influence
The longings of the heart:

Let us give thanks for these wise, gracious hand
Hath poured for us the harvest's lavish store,
Till all the mighty garners of the land
Are heap'd and running o'er!

The brimming presses of the vintage spill
The blood of grapes—and from the teeming soil
We gather the rich increase that shall fill
Each wasted cruise with oil:

For—if our weaker brother toiled in vain,
And fickle Fortune shunned his humble door—
Dare we neglect to render of our gain
God's tithes—unto His poor?

Beneath the burden of their lusty sheeks
The slopes rejoice—a drowsy tinkle fills
The pastoral silence, where the herds and flocks
Gladden a thousand hills!

And, peaceful augury of the days to come,
Through mellow glooms that wrap the failing
night,
Soft shines the joyous beacon-star of home,
The hearth-fire's cheery light!

Let us give thanks! while over hill and mead
Sad Autumn, tracked by shrill November gales,
Goes piping on his melancholy reed
Iplonely hills and dales;

Let us give thanks to Him, whose will sublime
Ordains the flower to spring—the leaf to fall:
Whose wisdom rules the seasons in their time—
Whose love is over all!

THE BRIDE'S ORDEAL.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HAUNTING TERROR.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Poge.

"Yes, mist'ess, it was an awful thing. But don't take on so, my dear young mist'ess. Marster, he didn't, even when he fust heerd it. Don't take on so, mist'ess. Here take a drink of water," said the meek little black woman, totally mistaking the cause of Erma's emotion, and believing that the fate of her husband's step-father only occasioned it.

Erma, feeling sure that the housekeeper must have only imperfectly heard her own incautious words, struggled to control her emotion, and accepted the proffered glass of water.

She had scarcely drunk it and returned the tumbler when Rodolph Wolfsohn re-entered the room smiling.

"What! Have you not been relieved of your damp clothing yet, Erma? Araminta! Is there a fire in your mistress's room?"

"Yes, marster."

"Then show her up to it at once—Erma, dear, your trunk has just been sent up," said Rodolph, as he began to divest himself of a light summer overcoat that was dripping wet.

Erma followed the little housekeeper out into the hall and up a broad flight of stairs to an upper hall, where she opened a side door leading into a large front bed-chamber, directly over the room that they had left below and corresponding to it in every particular, having two front and two side windows, and a chimney place in the back wall, flanked by closets in the recesses.

A large bed stood with its head between the front windows and its foot to the fire place. A dressing-bureau stood between the side windows, and a three-cornered wash-stand stood in the angle of the wall between the front and back windows. Two easy-chairs in the corners of the side windows, bed-stead, sofa and easy-chairs were all draped with white dimity.

There was no carpet on the floor, but a faded Brussels rug laid down before the fire.

Erma's large trunk stood in the middle of the floor.

"Which if you will gib me de keys, mist'ess, I will unpack your close and put 'em away, and hab de big trunk took up in de garret 'cotten your sight," said the little old woman.

"I thank you, Aunt Minty; but—is there no younger woman than you to do that?" said timid Erma, looking pityingly at the little fragile black form.

"La, no, mist'ess, dere 'a no one 'bout de place to wait on you and marster 'cept 'tis me and poor Sept."

"Sept?"

"Him as drove de carriage and fotch up your trunk. Leastways helped marster to fotch it up, 'cause poor Sept never could o' lift it by hisse'f."

"And is Sept your husband?"

"No, mist'ess."

"Your brother, then?"

"No, mist'ess, no kin to me. Only fellow servants all our lives, as our daddies and mammies were long afore us."

"Well then, Aunt Minty, since there is no other younger woman to help me with this unpacking I suppose I must trouble you, although I do not like to do so," said Erma, as she drew off her gloves and laid off her hat and sack and knelt down before the trunk.

She opened it, and took out the first tray, which contained folded dresses, and carried it and emptied its contents on the top of the bed, saying:

"There, Aunt Minty, you can hang these dresses up in the closet for me, if you please."

"Yes, mist'ess, wid all de pleasure in life."

While the old negro woman was carefully engaged in this work, Erma returned with the empty tray in her hand to the trunk.

She put it down on the floor, took out the lower trays and boxes, all of which she carried to the bed and emptied, and then brought back to the trunk.

When finally she had taken out all the contents except the mysterious box at the sight of which she again shuddered, she carefully replaced all the empty cases, boxes and trays, and securely locked the trunk with her pocket key, and strapped it strongly, saying:

"There, Aunt Minty, this is ready to be taken up into the attic, and I am ready to help you put away these things."

"Bery well, mist'ess, me and Sept will take it up into de garret soon as I get done here," replied Minty, as she notched out a black silk dress preparatory to hanging it up in the closet.

"And you two old people do all the work of this house?"

"Yes, mist'ess, 'cept when marster helps, and he do help a dreat deal more dan we likes to see, but he will do it."

"And so will I, Aunt Minty. Don't think that I have come here to give you more trouble, poor, dear woman, but to help you as much as I can."

"Laws, mist'ess, if so be you was to gib me double and thribble work I shouldn't think it no trouble. I is so glad, my dear young marster has fotched home a sweet young wife to comfort him. We'll do de best we can, Sept and me will, to serve bofe of you, mist'ess."

"I am sure you will. This old house, so perfectly clean and orderly, shows what you do. But I will help you henceforth. The burden must not rest entirely upon you, as at present."

"It didn't use to be so, my mist'ess. Dere was plenty ob maid-servants and men-servants, too, in de time ob de ole' Lovels, which was my mist'ess's maiden name, an' de time ob de Wolfsohns, too, which was her fust husban's name—Marster Rodolph's father's name—but eberything turned roun' when she married Mr. Gustave Perlemonte."

At the sound of that ill-omened name Erma shuddered, in spite of all her efforts to command herself.

The little old negro woman, fairly started on her topic, went on, unconscious of Erma's emotion, and innocent of any malice in her narrative of wrongs.

"I had a husband—poor Charley. We was married bery young. He was eighteen an' I fifteen. An' we libbed under ten years, an' had seben chillun—five gals, an' two boys—de oldest and de youngest was boys, an' de oders was gals. We nebber 'xpected to be parted 'cept by death; for you see, mist'ess, de Lovels and de Wolfsohns, too, would as soon think ob selling one ob deir own chillun as one ob deir colored people which had libbed long o' dem, parents to chillun, from generation to generation, you know, mist'ess?"

"Yes, I understand you, Aunt Minty."

"Well, mist'ess, fus' my husband, poor Charley went."

"Went? How?"

"Soon arter my young mist'ess's second marriage to Mr. Perlemonte. He wanted money, and he sold my poor Charley, which was a fine young man of twenty-eight den, and fetched five hundred dollars. Sold him, mist'ess, way from me and de chillun to a trader, which took him to de Souf, and we nebber heerd nuffin ob him."

"Oh, my poor, poor, Minty! Could not your mistress—could not Mrs. Perlemonte have prevented that?"

"No, honey, she couldn't. All pussenal property, 'tendin' her enlisted people, becomed hisen after de marriage, 'cordin' to law. No, honey, she couldn't help ob it. She cried as hard as me and de chillun did; but Mr. Perlemonte he sarry hard-ed, and told me to get anodder husband, as Charley would be sure to find anodder wife. But, mist'ess, I nebber forgot Charley, and it was my comfort to know that he had sarved Mas'ers and Mis'es from his youth up, and if I nebber seed nor heerd from him in dis world I should see him in de next, and dat aint far off now, mist'ess."

"No, every day brings you nearer to the meeting with your Charley," said Erma, tenderly.

"If do, mist'ess, and wid my poor chillun too, for dough me an' Charley is like to get home first, in de course of nature, de chillun will come in time, an' we shall all be united at last in His house, nebber to part no more. No, bless my Lord! We nebber is to part no more! Nebber to weep no more!" said Minty, clasping her slender black fingers together tremulously.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"Where are your children, Aunty?" inquired Erma, in a low, sympathetic tone.

"De Lord knows, mist'ess. De Lord, *He* knows what dey is. I don't. He has got dem. His keeping dat's enough for me. My chillun was took from me, mist'ess, same as my husband was."

"Sold?"

"Yes, mist'ess."

"*All* of your children?"

"Ebery one ob dem, mist'ess; ebery one ob dem, boy an' gal, one after de odder, fast as dey growed up. Was sold away from me by de help money for Mr. Perlemonte. Fire Charley, named arter his father, was sold when he was no mor'n seventeen year old. I thought my heart would break dan, mist'ess, but it didn't. It didn't! No, poor mist'ess she took it as hard as I did. It made her ill for a week. My only comfort was still de thought that I had fotch up young Charley to sarve de Lord like his father 'fore him, and if we didn't meet in dis world we would surely meet in de next. And one little hope I had—dat maybe young Charley might need 'long of his father any moder, Souf: but when I 'sarded how wide de world was, dat little hope went away."

"Oh, Aunt Minty!" breathed Erma, in a voice full of sympathy.

"Mist'ess, I hadn't done crying after my boy 'fore Mr. Perlemonte up and sold my oldest darter, Lou, to de gal-ina'ors. Mist'ess, I thought when my husband was sold away from me nuffin else could hurt me as bad in this world. And den when my poor boy was sold, I thought my heart *would* break. But, mist'ess, de two ob 'em was men, and so dey *couldn't* be put upon and ill-treated as bad as a poor weak gal could. And so, when dey sold my little darter, my lamb—"

Here this poor Rachel broke down and wept convulsively.

Erma went to her and took the bowed head to her own bosom, and wiped the streaming tears from the wrinkled black face.

"Dere, young mist'ess, you 's good. Nebber mind, mist'ess. It's all ober now, or soon will be. I aint give way and cried as much as dat—no, not since my last boy, little Lew, was sold away from me. Dat was my good young mist'ess. I needn't tell you all about every single one ob dem separate. Nuff to say dey was all sold, one after anodder, soon as dey got to be sixteen or seventeen year old. Hardly got one ob 'em raring for one afore anodder was took. Husban' and seven chillun! Oh, mist'ess, if any heart could be broke eight times, mine was! If any one could die eight deaths, I did!"

"I can well believe it, my poor Minty."

"If de Lord had took 'em all, mist'ess, I shouldn't 'a grieved so much, 'cause dey was all sarving de Lord, and I'd a knowed as He took 'em to Hisself. But to know dey was sold to ebery sort ob strange people, to be sarved altogedder, but scattered ober de land! It was berry hard to bear!"

"It was, indeed, my poor Minty! But I see that the Lord has helped you to bear it."

"He has, mist'ess, I do think He gave me this thought, which has comforted me bery often, dat dough I was to hear my poor husband and chillun is, all scattered apart, *He* do! And dough I can't watch ober dem, nor comfort dem in de time ob dere 'flictions at all, and as we are in de hollow of His hand, we is all safe, and not so much parted as we 'pears to be."

"Your belief is as true as it is beautiful, Minty."

"And, mist'ess, dere is a anodder thing. I dreams ob 'em so often and so plain! Some as if I was wid 'em all in my dreams. I see 'em so plain. I talks wid 'em so free?"

"No doubt you do, Minty."

"It was a comfort to me, young mist'ess. But my poor ole mist'ess, she took it all hard as I did, and it told on her worse because she was more delicate dan I was. Laws, young mist'ess, it 'mazed me to 'quainted ob her money, nor de mortgagin' ob de house and land, nor it was't de drinking and de gamblin' and de riotous livin' what broke poor ole mist'ess's heart and killed her—it was't dat! It was just de deep trouble fotched on her poor colored people as she wasn't able to help. Dat's what fotch my mist'ess's gray hairs down in sorrow to de grave 'fore she was fifty year old, 'Cause, you see, it wasn't only me as suffered, but all de rest ob us. Poor ole Sept had his young wife and darters by his first de wife torn away from him! Ah, bery bad ting to cry! My poor mist'ess! I had seen heaps o' trouble myself, but de day I 'closed my dead mist'ess's eyes, I was sort o' happy for her sake! And now, as you has come to comfort poor Master Rodolph, I'll try to be happy and thankful for your sakes, mist'ess."

"And we will try to make you comfortable and contented for the remainder of your life, Aunt Minty."

"And poor Sept, too, mist'ess 'f?"

"Yes, and poor Sept, too."

While they had been talking they had not ceased to work; Erma, folding and putting away linen in the bureau drawers, old Minty smoothing and hanging up dresses in the closet. Erma got through first, and then she changed her black cashmere dress for a white organdie, sprigged with black leaves and trimmed with black ribbons.

Before she had quite finished, the bell rang.

"It is for dinner, honey. Sept, he had charge ob putting de dinner on de table."

Erma only stopped to take two tea roses from a bouquet, that some kind hand had placed upon her dressing-table, and put one in the meshes of her black hair and the other in the folds of the black bow on her bosom.

While she was still doing this, a rap was heard at her chamber-door, and the voice of her husband calling out:

"Are you ready, dear Erma? I have come to show you the way to the dining-room."

Erma opened the door and went out to join him.

The old woman called gently after her:

"I'll put away de rest ob de things, as careful as if you was a lookin', mist'ess."

"I am sure you will, Minty," replied Erma, as her husband drew her arm within his own, and conducted her down stairs.

He took her into a large dining-room, back of the parlors into which she had first been introduced, and whose chief recommendation was its pure cleanliness. The unexpected floor was as white as pine can could be made; the unpainted walls and white tables could render them. Curtains of buff linen shaded the four windows—two at the side, two at the back. Opposite the back windows was the wide fireplace, with a little cheerful blaze of light pinewood, just enough to correct the dampness and to counteract the gloom. Against the partition wall, dividing the dining-room from the passage, was a vast and ancient board of mahogany, whose many drawers, cupboard, and brackets once boasted a wealth of silver, cut glass and Bohemian ware, all of which had been sold under the hammer, when Gustave Perlemonte put up his wife's personal property at auction. The side-board, like the other remaining articles, had been left, because it could not find a purchaser, or, perhaps, it had been bought in, as some other needful articles had been, by Rodolph Wolfsohn himself. The half-dozen cane-bottomed, buff-colored chairs and the round dining-table completed the furniture.

Rodolph Wolfsohn led his wife to the head of the table and took his own seat.

The dinner was an exquisite one, prepared by old Aunt Minty, a trained cook of the Wolfsohn family, assisted by Uncle Septimus, who, like most of his race, possessed a decided talent for the culinary art.

After dinner they went into the front parlor, which was lighted by two long spermaceti candles set in tall brass candlesticks at each end of the mantle-piece, and by a large lamp set on the centre table.

They sat down, opposite each other, between this table and the fire.

Then Rodolph Wolfsohn took up the daguerreotypes one by one to show to his wife and tell her all that was interesting in connection with them.

"This is my dear mother's likeness. It was taken in Washington City soon after her second marriage—during the wedding tour, in fact," he said, as he put the worn morocco case in her hands.

"Yes: I saw this when I first came into the house. What a beautiful face it was!" said Erma, gazing admiringly on the picture.

"Yes, she was beautiful even at forty-five, when, worn out with grief and illness, she passed away," replied Rodolph, with a sigh.

They looked at the picture, passing it from hand to hand, and talked of the departed mother some time longer, and then Rodolph took up another case, opened it and passed it over to his wife, saying, bitterly:

"*That* was her second husband, my step-father, who wrought all her ruin and mine!"

"Yes—oh! I don't want to look at it, please. I saw it once," she cried, with a shudder.

"How sensitive you are, sweet wife!" he said, as he closed the case and put it on the table.

And then, instead of showing her other daguerreotypes, he glided into speaking further of his step-father, and before Erma could find any more embarrassing questions answered, he was in the midst of the story of the homicide.

"The man got his deserts at length," he said, noticing that Erma had turned her face to the fire and appeared her vinaigrette to her nose, but not connecting the action with his own words.

"It happened in this manner, and about this time last year. He was on a coast steamer bound from Charleston South Carolina to New York. It was night and they were nearing New York Bay. Some men were playing cards in the saloon. *He* was seated at a table with an inexperienced young man with whom he had been playing since the lamps were lighted, and whom he soon 'cleaned out,' to use his own frequent expression, and whom he left not only penniless, but despairing and on the verge of suicide; for it transpired the fool had been gambling with money not his own, but entrusted to him by his employers. I am telling you these forerunning events of the tragedy as they came to light on the subsequent trial, Erma."

"I see," she breathed, in a voice scarcely above her breath, as she kept her face sedulously toward the fire and held the reviving spirits of ammonia to her nose.

"To go on, then. When he had emptied the pockets of the wretched young idiot, he arose from the table, and declaring that it was too hot to remain below, he went on deck.

"A gentleman who had watched his play and detected, or thought he had detected, some unfairness in it, followed him to the deck and came up to him where he was standing in the lower gallery alone, and, after a short conversation and delicacy as the ugly subject would admit of, he began to talk to the gambler. First, without mentioning a word of his own discoveries, he merely said that the weak young man had risked and lost not only his own money, but that of his employer, and that if it were not returned he would not only have lost the money, but would lose character and position as well, if not even his personal liberty by a criminal prosecution. 'I am sorry, dear, you do not listen to me,' said Rodolph Wolfsohn, breaking off on observing that his wife's eyes were closed as if she were half asleep; 'You do not listen to me.'"

"Oh, but I do!" she murmured.

"It is a painful subject, my dear. I regret now that I entered upon it; but it need not be resumed between us on the same night."

"No," she breathed.

"The gambler laughed aloud at the absurd proposal to restore his winnings to the ruined loser. He said if the young man had played with money not his own it was his misfortune, and *he* must take the consequences. Then it was that the poor fellow's avocate told the gambler what he had discovered—the tricks and shifts by which the money had been won. The swindler gave him the lie. The gentleman coolly threatened to expose him. The gambler invited the same gentleman to fight a duel with the other. This gentleman then lost his reason and his self-control. He was a tall, muscular man, whereas the gambler was a short, slender man, and pitched him headlong into the sea. He sank like a stone. He was drowned before rescue could reach him."

"Oh-h-h!" groaned Erma, covering her eyes with her hands as if she wished to shut out the sight imagination had called up.

"There, my dear, I will say no more. I should not have told you of all this. Come now, try to compose yourself. There is the tea-bell. A cup of tea will revive you."

CHAPTER XIV.

A STARTLING RENCOUNTER.

A good woman:
But, when she is enraged, grows furious—
Ay, and quite dangerous—out of all reason.
Her words are bullets.
BEN JONSON.

She is the infernal Até in female epicene.
SHAKESPEARE.

The day after the wedding was as splendid a day as usually succeeds a summer storm.

The sky was intensely blue, the early air lightly fresh, and the sun, just below the house, was full and high that morning. The roses, the only flowers that could then be found in such neglect as they had suffered, were full of half-blown buds and sparkling with rain-drops.

In the house old Septimus was stepping lightly about, opening and closing window-shutters, drawing up blinds, removing brands and ashes from the fireplaces, and replacing them by fresh fragrant pine and cedar boughs, for no fire was needed on this bright and beautiful morning—and placing bouquets of rich, odorous red and white roses on the mantle shelves, stands, and brackets.

Meanwhile, Aunt Minty, in the kitchen, was preparing as good a breakfast as her skill and the materials at hand could furnish.

And sometimes the old dusky friends met and spoke together in whispers of their delight at the bright young bride, their new mistress.

At seven o'clock Mr. Wolfsohn came down stairs, but went immediately out on the grounds and began culling the most beautiful and beautifully meeting

large Saratoga, with its "skeleton" locked securely within.

"Does any one often come up here?" inquired Erma, with a shudder.

"Only me once in a while to sweep and scrub to keep things sweet, you kno', mates. 'Cause if I didn't in a week the house like this de cob-webs and spiders and dust would 'cumulate so nobody could lib in it, hey?"

"You are a careful housekeeper, sure," said Erma, as she turned to leave his attic.

"Which it is my bounden duty to be, miss," answered Minty.

In the lower hall they met Mr. Wolfsohn, in the old broad-brimmed black felt hat that Erma had always thought so becoming to his picturesque dark beauty.

"Put on your things, dear Erma, and come with me for a walk. The dampness is coming off the ground and we have just time to stroll down by the river before dinner," he said.

Erma ran up stairs for her hat and light mantle.

Minty went into the kitchen to look after the dinner that she had put on the fire some hours earlier in the day.

Rodolph waited in the front hall for his wife, who presently joined him.

They walked through the shaded lawn down to Low River, a narrow stream, as I said, whose deep banks were thickly grown with eglantines, dog-roses and other creeping and trailing vegetation.

A narrow path ran along the top of the bank, and this they took, turning to the left.

Over the river was a still, undulating country of hill and dale, woods and fields—the hills usually clothed with woods, the vales with waving fields of wheat and rye.

Before them, to the left, far down on the other side of the river, arose the red brick chimneys of a large house hidden in a group of trees.

Rodolph pointed it out to his companion, saying:

"There is the place called 'The Marsh,' where your parents are while the fever was at Brighthome. The Marsh is the property and residence of my old relative, Barbara Gunn, as perhaps you know."

"Oh, yes."

"She is an honest and honorable woman, but with a fearful temper, and a terrible predilection for strong and very objectionable language. If you were to meet her accidentally, my dear, you would mistake her for an old warrior in woman's clothes. However, you will meet her at Blantyre, if she does not call to see us in the meantime," Mr. Wolfsohn explained.

"Of course I shall be very glad to know her, Rodolph," answered Erma.

They strolled on and continued to talk, though their further conversation it is not necessary to repeat.

Soon the heat of the noontide sun warned them to return to the house.

They reached home in good time to rest and change their dress for dinner.

Saturday, the day appointed for their visit to the Blantyres, dawned clear and fine.

So they were to go early and spend the whole day, for that was the well understood custom of the time and neighborhood.

Immediately after breakfast on that morning, Rodolph Wolfsohn walked out as usual to see to his fields and workmen, saying, as he left the house, that he would be back in an hour.

Erma went up to her room to dress for the little dinner-party.

She put on a rich black silk dress from which she had ripped off the crape trimmings, supplying their places with guipure lace. She wore white crape ruffles around her throat and wrists, and a white silk bow on her bosom. Her jewels were of the finest carnelian and pearl from the set given her by the family at Brighthome. A black and white silk hat, with a gray grenadine veil and the pearl ornaments, finished her toilet. A white Berlin wool carriage wrap was thrown over her arm for the chance that the evening should be chilly for their ride home.

She was quite ready when Rodolph Wolfsohn returned.

"How lovely you look, dear Erma," he whispered, as he ran up stairs to change his own working clothes for the only evening suit he had—his wedding garments.

He did not keep her waiting long, but soon came down again, ready for their ride.

He put her into the carriage, on the box of which old Septimus had taken his seat, and, mounting the reins. He took his seat at her side and the horses started.

The road between Darkwood and Blantyre House was like all the other roads in this hilly and wooded country—through the forest, always up hill and down dale.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when they reached Blantyre.

Blantyre House was a handsome building of white stone, surrounded by out-houses of the same material, all rising from a thick grove of forest trees, in a well-kept park that lay in the midst of a green valley inclosed on all sides by wooded hills.

A white stone wall inclosed the park. An iron gate, hospitably open, admitted the carriage. A wide gravelled drive, between rows of acacia trees in full bloom, took them to the oblong front of the white house, with its double row of windows, the upper and lower piazzas.

Old Septimus drove up the horses.

Mr. Wolfsohn alighted and handed out his wife.

Captain Blantyre, who was standing on the steps of the front piazza, came down and cordially greeted the young couple.

"Is Miss Barbara Gunn here?" inquired Rodolph, as soon as he had returned the salutations.

"No—"

"Is she coming?"

"No, I am sorry to say. She sent an excuse—rheumatism."

"I wonder if it is rheumatism or caprice?"

"Heaven knows! She is a queer one, our formidable neighbor."

"Are any of her nieces to be here?"

"No. It is not likely, without herself to chaperone them. Her nieces were not asked in the excuse sent."

While they talked they had been standing on the piazza, with the hall door wide open to receive them, and a man-servant standing within it to attend them.

Old Septimus had already driven off his carriage toward the stables.

"Oh, by the way, Wolfsohn, my dear fellow, I want you to take a look at something—a horse that I think of buying for my wife. Susan is very fond of riding, you know, and I want her to have a safe horse. This one is here on trial. I want to have your opinion of him before I decide whether to purchase or not. You are a much better judge of horseflesh than an old salt like me. Will you come now?"

"With pleasure," said Rodolph.

"Will you excuse us, Mrs. Wolfsohn?"

"Certainly," replied Erma.

"You will find Mrs. Somers and several acquaintances expecting you. Mare Antony—Here! Show this lady into the drawing-room and let your mistress know that she has come!" said Captain Blantyre, as, with a courtly bow to Erma, he led the way to the stables, followed by Rodolph Wolfsohn.

Erma crossed the threshold of Blantyre House, preceded by the servant, who opened a door on the right, and held it open for the lady to pass.

She entered a long, lofty double drawing-room with a bay window at each end, and two white marble chimney-pieces surmounted by broad mirrors on the side opposite the hall. The room was elegantly upholstered in blue and white.

As Erma supposed the place to be the tenantless, and she walked toward an inviting easy-chair near the front bay window to rest herself, when, to her surprise, a stout, fair-haired, showy-looking woman, handsomely dressed in white organdie and lace, arose to meet her.

For a moment the two stood at each other in blank amazement.

"Good Heavens! Mrs. Somers!" exclaimed the young bride, turning pale as death.

"Why! is it you?" cried the stout woman, still staring. "Mrs.—Erma Hewson!"

"*Hush!* For Heaven's sake, hush! I am married. I am the wife of Rodolph Wolfsohn! Oh, for pity's sake, don't denounce me!"

And she sank at the feet of the woman and lifted her clasped hands in prayer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANNERS CONTAGIOUS.—It is certain that either we bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.

TABLEAUX FROM MY WINDOW.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

Once, watching from my window, when the sun sank in the west,
A tableau rich, of beauty rare, before my vision rose.
The Catskills loomed far off, with sunshine on each crest,
While "The Old Man of the Mountain" lay stretched in deep repose.
Above the burnished hills I saw a cloud, dark, broad and wide,
Edged all around with border bright, of deepest, purest gold;
And as I looked, the sinking sun lit up the mountain side,
While in a misty, golden veil before the dark cloud rolled.

"How beautiful!" I cried aloud. "A lesson here I see.
You cloud, as first I saw it, pictured trials that we meet,
Its centre dark, the heavy woes that fall so suddenly;
Its gilded edge, the stab of friends that cut while smiling sweet.
The rays of sunshine falling like a veil of purest gold,
Bright'ning, yet not obscuring, while shining thus above,
Is Faith's bright mantle, God's own gift, that we around us fold,
Giving each cross a golden tint, each frown a smile of Love."

I watched this magic picture with unalloyed delight,
Until the gold, the cloud, the sun, all faded from my view,
Then a change crept o'er the scene. Phantom forms arose in sight,
And a thin but misty veature around the sky to throw.
Then from his dusky girdle he drew forth, one by one,
Bright, sparkling stars of beauty, and fastened here and there;
The Pleiades, the group he placed, then belted Orion,
While Cassiopeia he gave a bright and starry chair.

"How beautiful!" again I cried. "And see, the moon drops down
Above the Berkshire hills she peered, then crept across the sky,
Throwing pale beams of light around, on grass, and trees, and rocks,
Casting long shadows on the ground from tower and spire.
Sweet scene! This change from sunset bright to twilight's misty gray,
Portrays the change from youth to age. The moon, and stars, and cloud,
Speak of the tried, beyond, the long eternal day,
Immortal youth, and stars, and crowns, and rapture and delight.

"On a certain ridge of the Catskill Mountains the figure of an old man reclining is distinctly traced. This is called "The Old Man of the Mountain."

HARALDA THE HERO;
OR,
The Bride of Barcelona.

A Romance of Spain in the Fifteenth Century.

By PROF. WM. HENRY PECK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BARGE OF BALBAC.

The schemes of Count Balbac and not delayed the capture of Lady Mascenta until she and all the noble friends of Lady Harada should be cut off their various barges and upon the bridal platform in fancied security. Then his position as lord would enable him to be within striking distance of the would-be bridegroom ere the ceremony of marriage was finished. With men, more than two hundred strong, were to suddenly break through the cordon of the Catalonian guard expected would be placed in the empty barges around the platform, and, overpowering them with the male guests, most of whom were very slightly armed, and by the use of their own weapons to attack. In the confusion, Balbac intended to grab Count Sosorbe's fellow Lady Mascenta in the boat to which she was to rush with all speed at his command. All his boats were provided with a small sail, and each was a swift sailer. His boatmen were picked oarsmen, and he had no fear that any of his boats, even were there no breeze to permit the use of the sail, could be overtaken by the best boat in Barcelona. Silently and secretly and with great skill, he and his faithful agents had prepared the plan for the abduction rescue of Lady Mascenta.

The unexpected rush of boats upon and over the buoy-lines, and in between the barges of which the martial music and floral processions was composed—a rush created by the premature discharge of the mortars—caused by the sudden attack by a resolute approach upon the bridal barge, and a signal by Lady Mascenta that she would be able to spring from her barge to his ere she should arrive at the bridal platform. And once in the barge her escape from the power of Count Sosorda would be almost fully secured; for a messenger had arrived from his wife with the news of the previous day, and he had no fear of being captured by the body of Barcelona in any pursuit that might be made.

The chance was well worth seizing, and therefore Balbac gave the signal for the bold, unprecedented dance and move is as a signal for all boats of the treasonable band to steer toward the bridal barge.

Though less than ten minutes elapsed between the discharge of the culverin and that of the cannon of the royal barge, a sense of great confusion had grown up in the vicinity of the bridal barge during that time, and all along the line from the platform to the buoy-lines, so that as the eagerness of all to be near the bridal platform created loud cries of haste and alarm, and often of sharper weapons.

It was at this moment of confusion that Volta was gazing when the three guns of the fortress were heard, and he knew that the signal which he, Salza, who had been told by Captain Eskosso when to strike.

Volta was not even stunned by the blow that had felled him, but sitting on the prostrate man, and caused him to take a very deep and very intimate view of the bridge. He did not know who or what had felled him, and as his head reappeared above the surface he struck out lustily for the barge of Balbac, which was the nearest, which was being hailed to the edge of the platform by the bumboatmen.

But he had not made two strokes when he saw that his barge would not be a safe refuge into then, for Salza, armed with a huge and long-handled oar, and the sword of the Spaniesman in fact, was in the barge, striking furious blows and with the fierce yell resulting in a tremendous voice:

"Death to Scorda! Death to all the Scordas!"

"The Sword of the Deatheman," as the above weapon was named, was a long, two-edged blade was fully five feet long, with a hilt for two hands, and was never used save by the executioner when about to be beheaded, though it always appeared when Volta had any kind of public punishment to inflict. Being of long and broad blade was brightly burnished, and it had just been ground to a keen edge, and when, upon the platform when Salza dealt the blow of his fist that hurled Volta into the water. Ere the falling executioner's body struck the water, Salza had grasped the sword. Then it was that he saw

TOO LATE.

BY MARY E. LAMBERT.

Slow comes the tardy fall, I thoughtful said,
'Tis time to make my flowers their winter bed.
My tiny pansies still in bright wit bloom,
And every breeze bears to me rich perfume.
All through the spring I watched those flowers-
sts rare,
Watered and tended them with earnest care;
I sheltered them from summer's tropic heat,
And was repaid with colors rare and sweet.
One beautiful day, a friend came into my home,
Gleanced at my blossoms with admiring eye.
"Take in your back-loving pansies now," she said,
"One night of chill, and they will all be dead."
But I, obstinately, would not heed her warning,
Sure that the morrow would be like to-day;
The morning dawned, alas! ere I awoke,
A blasting storm of ice-earth in fury broke.
Lasted the day; then, as the night came warm,
I thought my flowerets safe mid snow from harm;
And so I said, another day I'll wait.
Frost came that night and only breathed " too late!"

A human life I liken to a flower;
Cherished and loved in spring's and summer's bower;
But in Life's fall too often has to wait
For thoughtful care, that comes, alas, too late!

FOUND GUILTY,

OR, THE

Marquis's Vindication.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LAND-BAILIFF.

Alex had no further opportunity for a private interview with Lady Vivian. The girl slept little upon that unhappy night after her meeting with her father. Anxiety for her mother and Lady Vivian's displeasure, made her restless and wakeful. The tears also sied, hot and bitter, might well quench the light of many young eyes, and dim her white and spiritless, with adequating expression indicating weariness.

Nothing to witness.

Felicie came in at an early hour of the morning, before Lady Vivian had arisen, to assist Alex to dress. Such had been the French woman's custom since the girl's arrival at Clyffe-house. They little woman commented upon Miss Strange's pallor, and exclaimed:

"There must be something wrong in the air. My lady had one bad night's rest, and I myself must to have so often. She fell asleep only an hour ago, and she will not wake for many hours to come, but will be white and still, worn out with exhaustion. I hope that these sad days of grief were over for my lady forever."

Alex made no response, but the dull pain at her heart deepened into torture.

"My lady said she would breakfast in your own room, Mademoiselle," continued Felicie, busying out the silken lengths of Lavy hair. "She bade me tell you last evening that she wished you a pleasant visit at Mount Heron, and begged you to excuse her seeing you this morning, as she took leave of you last night. And she bade me say also, Mademoiselle, that you were to receive a letter from you."

Alex bowed gravely; she could not speak. She read in Lady Vivian's message and refusal again to see her the pain of her ladyship's displeasure and severe displeasure.

"You are fortunate, Mademoiselle," remarked Felicie, "to win my lady's love as you have done. I never knew her to take so much notice of any one before, never. I know it is hard for her to let you go to Mount Heron on this visit, but my lord returns before we go up to London, or to our home."

"I hope so," said Alex, sighing. "But Lady Vivian may not long want a companion, since she is to be married."

"True, Mademoiselle. She is to be married before Christmas; Pierre Renard told me last night, and it is now November."

"So soon?" cried Alex, in a startled voice.

"So Pierre Renard says. My lady keeps her own counsel still. She has told no one but Mademoiselle, somewhat jealously. "I think the marriage will come later. For can she purchase a suitable trousseau in such brief time? But Pierre says my lord told him, and it is true. For who if my lady marries she may still keep you with her, Mademoiselle, for Lady Kingscote is wedded to severe displeasure.

"I can not stay if she were to marry again," interrupted Alex, hastily.

"If my lady marries," said Felicie, "I shall marry too, Mademoiselle. I have promised that Pierre Renard these twenty years, since he was sold to the late marquis, the master before this. I did not like him once, he was too gay, too much of a sapeurbitch, but he is steady now with age, time, and will buy a cabaret in France, and set up as a gentleman. He is very fond of me, and I shall with my lord marquis until his lordship's marriage, through affection. I shall have a trousseau, Mademoiselle, and a carriage, and be waited upon. Yet I cannot bear the idea of leaving my lady."

"Is Pierre so rich?" asked Alex, her thoughts turning upon the mystery of the Mount Heron tragedy. "Perhaps his fortune will not suffice for all these extravagances you mention."

"I thought of that, Mademoiselle, and demanded to see his bank-book. He brought it to me last evening. He had been a careful steward, as he proved to me, and he has much more in France, for which I had not given him credit. It is odd that the old uncle should have made so much money," said Felicie, reflectively. "I knew him myself very well, on both the father's and the mother's side, and I never heard of this rich uncle of Pierre's. But the money is a fact one cannot doubt. And the end of it all is that I have promised to marry him when madame marries my lord."

Felicie assisted further at Alex's toilet, and the young girl thanked her for her services and kindness, bestowing upon her a liberal gratuity, which Felicie promptly declined.

"Keep it," said Alex, "and buy with it some thing as a present from me, Felicie. I may never return to Clyffebourne. One cannot read the future."

Felicie accepted the gold piece, and took her leave, after wishing Alex multitudes of happiness and prosperity.

A servant presently appeared with Alex's breakfast. She drank her coffee and trifled with a roll, but was too excited and troubled to have any appetite.

Felicie did not return, no further message came from Lady Vivian. Lady Markham dropped in for a few moments to flimsily over her bird's arrival, but Alex was too proud to show her sorrow or humiliation to her enemy.

It was nearly noon when the Mount Heron carriage arrived at Clyffebourne. Alex descended at once and took her place in it, and was driven away from the house in which she had known so much of joy and drank so deeply of sorrow.

Her babies had been sent to Mount Heron an hour or two earlier, by order of Lady Vivian, given the night before. Alex had known of this, and the carriage-conference, and as the carriage turned into the shaded avenue, with a sudden, yearning impulse she looked out of the open window and up at the lady Vivian's room.

The curtains of that upper window were held back by a white hand, and Alex had a glimpse of Lady Vivian's superb face, half hidden among the draperies, looking out upon her. The girl caught her breath in a quick sob.

"The roof of success is guarded by a thousand thorns," she thought. "And every thorn is made to pierce to my very heart."

The day was pleasant. The sun was shining; a brisk, bracing wind swept in from the Atlantic; the sea was in a glorious mood. Satin dotted the restless waters in the distance. The Bluff road, a marine parade in the season and at a later hour, was now deserted. During her drive, Alex had time to recover her calmness and nerve for the work before her.

She was going to Mount Heron in the firm conviction that Pierre Renard was the murderer of her uncle, and with the determination to fasten the guilt upon him, with the help of her own evidence which never sleeps, and which, sooner or later, avenges the innocent and punishes the guilty. She had no definite plans; her course she left to circumstance and the inspiration of the moment.

The parade and the pier-head at Mount Heron village were deserted. The pretty marine villas facing the sea were, many of them, closed. Most of the visitors had left the breezy little watering-place, and the hotels no longer played. The lodgers were not to be seen upon the sands; and a look of sobriness rested upon the recent air of festivity.

A fair was flying from the topmost tower of Mount Heron Castle which, perched upon its misty height, looked like some feudal stronghold. The avenue of approach led through the park by a steep and winding ascent, and as it neared the summit, presented after a zig-zag fashion, similar to the old Roman road leading up and down the mountain side between Sestri Levante and Spezzia, in Italy, but of course upon a smaller scale.

The park was left behind, and the bold bluff, with its balustrated terraces, rising like tables one above another, and covered with vegetation which grew thrillily in the soil that had been brought hither with infinite labor and expense, was at last gained. The wind blew here in a gale. The roar of the sea was like the distant roar of artillery as it surged and raged against the rocks below. The view was grand and imposing, appearing almost unlimited. Alex drew a long breath of delight and admiration.

The carriage drew up in the porte-cochère, and a footman opened the door. Alex ascended the broad marble steps, and the doors of her ancestral home flew open to admit her. A great hall, hung with trophies of war and chase, and the ball-porter was about to guide her to the drawing-room, when Mrs. Digestre, fat and unwieldy, but all eagerness and satisfaction, appeared in the doorway.

The fact that Alex was a favorite of Lady Vivian was a passport to Mrs. Ingestre's favor. The patronage of the duke's daughter was like the "hall-mark" upon silver—it stamped its excellent as valuable and of sterling worth.

Mrs. Ingestre had been "time" all the morning. She was lonely, and, after an hour's perusal of her favorite medical work, had discovered in herself the most alarming symptoms of a new and fatal malady. Her dinner appeared to her indolent. She had, in short, a most severe attack of apprehension, and hailed in Alex a confidante of her physical distresses, a nurse, and a sympathizing companion, all in one.

"You dear girl!" she exclaimed, embracing her visitor with warmth. "How good of you to come to me so promptly. I was in a terrible state in the morning. Miss Strange, scarcely able to keep my head off my pillow. Only my fashionable will enables me to be up. It is very near for my invincible courage I should be up on this last day of my lonely grave."

Alex expressed her sorrow at this state of affairs. Mrs. Ingestre's looks belied her professions. Her full-moon face, with its pouting under pendulous cheeks, her thick red lips, her rotund figure, might well have served as the model for health in its vulgarest and coarsest form.

"I will show you where to put your myself," said Mrs. Ingestre, hospitably. It is a great exercise to me to mount the stairs. But I shall soon doing so. Don't try to dissuade me, my dear Miss Strange. I shall have to make Mount Heron so delightful to you that nothing can tempt you to return to Clyffebourne."

She led the way up the broad staircase, along the great upper hall, to a spacious chamber, over the great lower hall, with bath-rooms adjoined this sitting-room, which was luxurious in the extreme. A blazing fire was in the grate, and in the bay window, in its great recess were writing and work-tables, with every luxury for writing, and implements to satisfy the curiosities of lace and satin, and let in the light upon them.

"I have been alone all day," she said, complainingly. "The gentlemen went out after breakfast in the yacht and have not yet come in. But the yacht is in sight and signaling for harbor. They will be in, in the course of an hour or two, with appetites for dinner. Miss Strange, we dine at dinner, Miss Strange. Neither Lord Mountheron nor I had expected that you would be here to dine here at present."

"I hope the marquis be pleased!" asked Alex, a little uneasy.

"Oh, he does not concern himself greatly about me. He expressed his willingness to allow me a companion, and I have taken pains to find one to him since. He doesn't like to be troubled about small matters. He is busy and housekeeper details, and I intend to make the most of my brief reign here. I suppose that Lady Vivian will soon take my companion, Mademoiselle Marlow."

Alex removed her hat and wrappings. Her hostess was in no humor to notice her toilet nor required no change.

"We dine at two down to the morning-room," said Mrs. Ingestre. "You will have just an hour to rest after the ride, and I hope you will find some time to come."

They descended to the morning-room, a large, long apartment directly under the room assigned to Alex.

Mrs. Ingestre politely inquired after Lady Vivian, when she had left her room, and situation, after Lady Markham and certain of the county families, and proceeded to give a graphic description of her ills, predicting for herself a speedy demise.

The yacht's return to the harbor was not so soon as Mrs. Ingestre had predicted. The wind sat tacked first upon one course, and then upon another, for several hours. The two ladies luncheon at one, and Alex endeavored to be a pest of society. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the yacht was signaled as in the distance to anchor in the shelter of the break-water.

The gentlemen were not to land on account of a steep, long flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Lord Kingscote and Lord Mountheron came on board the yacht, and were rowed to the shore.

Lord Mountheron entered the morning-room, to Alex's astonishment.

He was soft and delicate as ever, gentle and insinuating in his manner. I have observed that a refinement of manner that well become him. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, faultless in Poole. A shadow swept over his mind face as he entered the room, but he smiled and spoke pleasantly.

Miss Strange will spend a fortnight with me, Rowland," said Mrs. Ingestre, " even if I do not succeed in getting her to stay longer. I trust that Lady Vivian will not require a companion after this visit, since she is to be married so soon. Miss Strange to help me keep Miss Strange."

"I will not promise for my self-denial, I fear," he said, replied the marquis easily. "Have you shown Miss Strange about the castle, Augusta? I am sure that Mountheron, himself, has not seen the picture gallery, the ancient chapel and the ruins!"

"I have not had time, my dear," said Mrs. Ingestre, "but I will send some one to show her all the various objects of interest. I will make no guide her. You know, of course, my dear," said Mrs. Ingestre, turning to Alex, "that Mount Heron is a great show-place, that tourists come from far and near to visit it, and that pictures have been made of the castle and the ruins? You have a right to expect to see them. I shall not venture like most young people. The ruins are kept in order by a caretaker, and are dangerous."

"By the ghost of some former lord of Mount Heron, I suppose," said Alex, with a smile. "I will visit the ruins after nightfall, and tell alarming stories of spectral nights and unearthly apparitions which some belated person has chanced to see."

"There are no ghosts connected with Mount Heron," said Mrs. Ingestre. "There have been terrible deeds done within these lonely walls."

The marquis moved away, with a remark unheard in Alex's ear, to the side of the room.

"Rowland is so sensitive," said Mrs. Ingestre, in a low tone, "upon the point of the room. He don't like any allusion to the tragedies connected with the castle. He is a ghost in ghosts. And that reminds me, my dear. I must beg you never to allude to the subject of the late Mount Heron tragedy. He was deeply attached to his distant relative, and it is a painful subject. Make no such allusion to his tragic fate. It reminds him, I suppose, of his own danger. He was in danger through the awful murder of one kinsman by another."

"I shall be careful not to allude to the tragedy," said Alex, quietly, but her heart was beating as she continued Mrs. Ingestre. "I have known him since he was a boy, and my wife and my late elder brother. He had always the gentlest, softest, most sensitive nature. He never could have harmed a fly. He shrank from any kind of violence as from a plague. You can imagine the horror which such a nature would feel at the deed that rotted like his. He cannot bear any kind of sorrow. The sight of a beggar child, the mere sight of poverty and sickness are to him like physical pain. He has given away to gifts and charities, but no beggar is allowed to enter the castle grounds. He cannot bear to be appealed to nor see him and be distressed."

"Would that he were!" cried Mrs. Ingestre, with a sigh.

"Rowland is so sensitive," said Mrs. Ingestre, in the low tone suggested to the room. "He don't like any allusion to the tragedies connected with the castle. He is a ghost in ghosts. And that reminds me, my dear. I must beg you never to allude to the subject of the late Mount Heron tragedy. He was deeply attached to his distant relative, and it is a painful subject. Make no such allusion to his tragic fate. It reminds him, I suppose, of his own danger. He was in danger through the awful murder of one kinsman by another."

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THE MYSTIC SPELL.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

There's a mystic spell in the air to day—
A strange, sweet glamour o'er earth and sky,
And the sordid world seems far away,
And hollow, poor thoughts arise
In the vearied heart, and the yearning eyes
Look over upward, we scarce know why.

There is no hint of a cloud in the sky,
The streams still roll to the restless seas;
The winds still carry from climes to climes
Their wordless message; the birds still swing
Through the waving grove with tireless wing
And chant their loves to the listening trees.

The flowers still swell from bud to bloom;
The sap still flows through the forest hearts;
Yes, the earth still whirls from glow to gloom
And the myriad spheres in their orbits roll:
Then whence is this glamour on the soul—
This strange, a sweet peace that to-day imparts?

Ah, the streams may flow and the birds may sing,
And the winds their wondrous message bear,
And the mighty planets wheel and swing,
And the flowers bloom; but the echoes all
With a softer cadence seem to fall
For the spell of Rest is in the air!

This is the mystic spell that leaves
A holy calm in the wrestling's breast:
That stills the struggling heart, and weaves
A glamour of peace to win the eye
And turn its wandering gaze on High—
The God-given spell of the Sabbath Rest!

THE NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A great, cheerful kitchen, with the snow piled up in ermine cuffs against the outside of the windows, and a view of gray woods wrestling against a leaden sky—a kitchen where the shoals of carmine flame wove themselves in and out of the moss-fringed logs, like so many fairy serpents at play, and the great oleander tree in the corner was putting out its clusters of pink buds in reckless defiance of the season—that was where Aunt Pandora was at work frying crullers when Uncle David Doty came in from the post-office, bringing a breath of the Artic regions with him.

"Any letters?" said Aunt Pandora, fishing a particularly brown and savory twist out of a sea of boiling lard.

"Yes," said Uncle David, "a letter from Evelyn. And they're in trouble again. Want more money."

Aunt Pandora shook her head.

"After that thousand dollars you sent 'em last July?" said she. "I'm afraid Evelyn's husband isn't a good manager."

"Business difficulties you see," said Uncle David. "Evelyn tells me they are living with the utmost economy, and denying themselves every luxury."

"Poor dear," said Aunt Pandora, benignantly.

"I really think we must spare 'em another thousand," said Uncle David, who had a soft spot in his heart for his niece and adopted child, Evelyn Elgin.

"A thousand dollars is a deal of money," said Aunt Pandora, sighing.

"Yes, I know it," admitted her husband. "But the Lord has blessed us with plenty of worldly goods, and how can we better use them in helping our little Evelyn along? We were poor folks ourselves once, Pandora, beginning the world."

"So we were," acquiesced the old lady, as she set off the pot of lard, carried her pan of fragrant crullers into the pantry and took off her striped calico cooking apron.

"And I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do," said Mr. Doty, putting his hands on his knees, and staring hard at the blazing logs.

"What is it?"

"I'll go to New York myself and see the child," said Uncle David. "It may be they're actually suffering. Anyhow, I'll take my bank-book along, and do what I can for 'em."

"Well," said Aunt Pandora, "I think it would be a good plan. And you can take along some of these fresh crullers and a pair of dressed fowls, and some of the red Baldwin apples in your cellar. If it's scarcity for my rheumatism, I'd be glad of the chance to go along myself. Only to think that we haven't either of us seen Evelyn since she married that store-clerk and went to the city to live."

And so Uncle David Doty started off in the orange glow of the first day of all the New Year, and walked to the railway station while the sunrise was yet turning the snowy landscape to a shrine of diamonds.

It was a long and tedious ride, but what cared the old gentleman as he sat there, with the well-stuffed carpet-bag beside him, and a basket of apples beyond—such apples as little Evelyn had been wont to love as a child, when she had climbed the orchard wall, and nestled in the high grass under the trees. And when he finally reached Evelyn's dwelling, it seemed as if he were actually stepping into Pandemonium.

"Never was in such a noisy place in all my life before," thought Uncle David, as he made his way through the crowd of "And now of New Yorkers do store."

For, in truth and in fact, Uncle David Doty presented a sufficiently strong contrast to those around him to induce people to turn and look the second time. His best high, with its ample plexion rosy as a fall pear, a long white beard reaching nearly to his waist, and a shaggy fur overcoat, he strode along with the basket in one hand and the bag in the other, inquiring his way with a persistence which would have done credit to a second Christopher Columbus in search of a new Western continent. And it was just noon when Uncle Daniel at last found himself in Mott Harren street.

"My man," said he to a policeman who was trying to keep himself warm by vigorously slapping his arms across his chest, "which is No. 99 P?"

"Ninety-nine?" said the policeman: "Half-way down the block—that big house with the blinds all closed."

"Can't be," said Uncle David.

"But it is," retorted the policeman.

"Look-a-here, my man," argued the old gentleman. "I'm lookin' for my neice, married to a store-clerk, Mrs. Elgin by name. Now is it likely they'd be livin' in a palace like *that?*"

"Don't know anything about that," said the policeman. "But it's No. 99."

And he went on slapping himself more vindictively than ever.

Uncle David stood staring at the tall house a few moments more, and then he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"It can't do no harm to inquire, anyhow," said he to himself.

A maid in a fluted muslin cap, trimmed with myrtle-green ribbons, and a flounced calico dress, answered the far-off tinkle of the bell.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" said Mr. Doty.

"Guess you've mistook the door, Mister," said the damsel, impertinently, as she slammed the basket and bag.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" repeated Mr. Doty.

"Yes, she lives here, but she's receiving."

"Doing what?" said Uncle David.

"Aint it New Year's day?" said the girl, with a pert toss of the myrtle ribbons. "Receiving *calls*, stupid!"

"I read of that once—Uncle David, staring past the girl's head at a vista of gaslighted hall, paneled in pink and gold, and decorated with stands of flowers. *Then I'll call.*

"She's receiving her gentlemen friends," remonstrated the neat maid.

"Very well—I'm a gentleman friend of hers."

And he pushed unceremoniously past.

"Your card, sir, if you please," said the maid, holding out her hand in some consternation.

"I haven't any card," said Uncle David.

And he walked, basket, bag shaggy overcoat and all, into an elegant suite of parlors, where the velvet carpets, mirrored walls, gilded furniture, and great, glittering chandelier, all seemed to glisten and sparkle together. In a bay window at the end a refreshment table was set out, with a goodly show of cut-glass decanters, silver coffee-urn, and piled-up tropical fruit, while lively drill, chatting gayly to a group of gentlemen, stood a lady in a trailing pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, and jewels sparkling on her fingers. Even Uncle David Doty could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Niece Evelyn," said he, slowly, "is it possible that this is—you?"

Mrs. Elgin uttered a little terrified scream, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Uncle David!" she gasped.

The old man looked drily around him.

"Poor?" commented he. "Very poor—utmost economy—denying yourselves every luxury. Yes, I see it all."

"But, Uncle David—"

"Don't wonder yourself to explain, Niece Evelyn," he interposed. "It isn't worth while. Do you see this?" holding up a narrow slip of paper. "It's a check for a thousand dollars, which I was bringing you. But as I see you have no need of it, I may as well destroy it."

And he tore it into strips, which he scattered on the low sea-coal fire, and then walked out of the room.

When Mr. Septimus Elgin came home at night, he found his brother-in-law in the armchair which he had contrived to absorb during the day, like a sponge, him with a pale, scared face which sobered him at once.

"Uncle David has been here," said she.

"How come you to let him drive my dear?" quickly demanded her lord and master.

"Nothing; and he is estranged forever."

"Then," said Mr. Septimus Elgin, slapping one hand vehemently upon his knee, "we're ruined!"

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin sat looking at each other, with faded flowers exhaling a sickly perfume around them, and the gas-jets flickering overhead. Nor is it asserting too much to say that they were not happy.

It was scarcely a month afterward that Uncle David and Aunt Pandora were sitting by their blazing fire of pine logs, with its resinous "drip, drip," bubbling down into the ashes below, when there came a ring at the door-bell, and a slight, veiled figure came hurrying in.

"Evelyn!" cried Aunt Pandora, rising in her feet in breathless amazement. "If aint never—never Evelyn!"

She threw herself, sobbing, into Aunt Pandora's kindly arms.

"Oh, take me back, take me back," she sobbed, "for I have no other home now!"

And then she explained to them that the brilliant Septimus having forged his employer's name to a check, had been compelled to flee from justice, and Uncle sheriff's officers were even then in possession of the handsome house in East Harren street.

"My dear, let bygones be bygones," said Uncle David, kindly. "We'll blot out the past, and begin anew. The girl is dead, and Evelyn again—and now let's say no more about it."

And so the good old farmer forgot and forgave it all; but if Evelyn lives to the age of a hundred years, she never can forget that New Year's day.

NATURE'S MEDICINE.

It has happened many times, where the skill of the physician was making no headway, that the unconscious operation of some existing cause, assisting nature in a suspended function has brought a wonderful cure. I knew that I was myself so cured, if not saved from fatal issue. In my boyhood—a great, stout, robust boy of twelve years—I was taken, in the mid-winter, with typhus fever. I had lain six days and six nights without arising from my bed, and I remember that on that last evening old Dr. Ephraim Buck, of Manchester, county of Bristol, came to see my mother that he didn't know. "The boy might live till to-morrow, but he is sure of one thing: My mother had not suffered any calomel to pass his lips. That was something in a good deal, but he had to succumb. So I had not that poison in my bones.

Well, that night is a red-letter period of my life. I remember no more, and must rely on memory as though they were incidents of to-day. My mother had gone to bed, and the medicines directed during the first half of the night. From nine o'clock until midnight I rode on a train at the foot of the bed. After that he lay down on the outside of the bed, on the back side, and quickly fell asleep. I was alone.

For hours I had lain there upon that tortured pillow, my mind wandering, wandering; my eyes discovering all sorts of hobgoblins on the walls and ceiling, and my throat parching, parching with a thirst of burning, agonizing thirst. Upon the bureau burned a night-lamp, with a pot of cracked water over it, which I was suffered to sip from a tablespoon at intervals, but not to be allowed to drink. For hours I had been thinking of the old pump—of the cold, cold, cool, cool, cool old fashioned pump, hanging by the water bucket! Upon the bureau, in my delirious dream, I saw a drowning man, struggling in the waste of waters, long arms of a pump upon which to rest than did I long for the cooling libation!

When I heart my mother move, as I have often seized me, and I acted upon it instantly. I crawled out from the bed-covering, and traveled away through an entry-way—through another room—through a upper hall, to the kitchen stairs; down these stairs I worked—clinging to the bottom step by hands and knees; down to the kitchen, and to the old pump, which seemed, in my delirious sense, a mast. I unhooked it, and out in that winter night, in the little garden-space, there was the pump. I found the watering pail full, with a crust of ice upon its surface. I struggled up and grasped the tin pot, and with its bottom edge broke through the ice.

Talk of the nectar which Jupiter sipped! The gods of Olympus never knew more exquisite joy of libation as that which was mine in that moment. I drank of that pot—of that pail full, and, *crawled back to my bed.* I had crawled down, but the draught stimulated every atom of my being, and gave me strength. I reached the bed and crawled into my nest. I was awakened by my father, whom I found standing over me, wiping the sweat from my surface with a towel. The profuse perspiration which had broken out all over me frightened him. Little did he guess then what had caused it.

I slept again, and in the morning, when the doctor came, his face shone like bright brass. He was in raptures. "It is wonderful! The fever is entirely broken! My dear madam, the boy is safe!"

It was a long time before my parents knew of my escapade on that January night. Dr. Buck was told of it in time. He shook his head dubiously, with the remark: "It ought to have killed him!"

But it did not; and though I would not recommend another to do what I did on that occasion, yet I would solemnly declare that pure cold water is one of the grandest medicines for fever, and is simply powerful when the tortured parching, literally burning with thirst, that simple, God-given beverage of life and health. Dr. Buck condemned me as advocating an indiscriminate gulping and soaking of water. Not so. I was the physician of today knows how to use it, and should learn the day that discovered and acknowledged its virtues.

Not long since I was called to see a patient who was cured by an immoderate fit of laughter. Two farm laborers were in an alcove, one at the head and the other with mumps, and were both in the same chamber; when a watcher was appointed to spend the night. On a certain evening the attending physician found them in a roar that the fever patient would not survive. He was a very sick man, and if some turn in his case did not occur shortly, he must die. That night the watcher fell asleep. He and all the inmates was awake, and saw by the clock that it was time for the doctor invalid to take his medicine. His fowl was so sore and painful that he could not call aloud to the neglectful sleeper, so he finally bethought him of his pillow, and poising it carefully he let it fly, striking the nodding watcher full in the face, and knocking him over upon the floor.

Now it so chanced that the fever patient was in a profuse perspiration, and the flying pillow floored sleeper; and then saw the startled man struggle up, gasping and sputtering, and really frightened. The scene was so ludicrous—so utterly comical—and the position of the watcher so ridiculous, that both the sick men burst into a hearty laugh. The fever patient laughed so long and so furiously that he broke into a profuse perspiration, sweating so copiously that it made the watcher get some tepid water and bathe his face and neck and bosom, and wipe them dry. So the next morning the fever was effectually broken, and the man rapidly recovered from that attack. Sleeping and waking, he was free of the whole life-current, and the opening of the pores by that sudden and copious laugh, had saved him.

S. C., JR.

SCIENCE.

At the annual meeting of the Kansas Academy of Science in October, Professor F. H. Snow, of the Kansas University, read a paper which we find in the last number of the American Naturalists under the title, "Insect Longevity, and Some Observations Bearing Thereon," to which this paper refers, to a very rare and interesting phenomenon. The Professor says: "A number of months ago, at the beginning of the term in this locality that a principle of the rubbish from Cambridge within a few days gave its value as a collector's single specimen. Professor Snow states, however, that this search for it was not unsuccessful, and unusually successful during the past season, several distinct specimens having been taken by different scientific parties. This is ascribed chiefly to the recent discovery of the nocturnal habits of the beetle. One of the author's companions ascertained that the insect was a favorite with the skunk, and a number of entomologists in search of it are exposed to no slight danger from the same animal. The natural habits of those animals has proved fatal to man in nine cases out of ten, and the remaining one is generally permanently disabled. Professor Snow also says that rattlesnakes were captured by the author within almost every day last summer in western Kansas and eastern Colorado.

Professor Bessey, of Ames, Iowa, botanist and plants, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace arrives at the conclusion that during the height of glacial influence the prevailing colored species of butterflies and birds in tropical regions were of a protective nature. This theory of Mr. Wallace's is based upon the fact that the tropics are the temperate zone. Another probable cause is the destruction of the nocturnal insects by the light of the moon, while there is reason to believe that the changes of climate which have compressed regions of the earth have undergone, and especially the glacial period, most of the established habits of brilliantly colored insects and birds which formerly existed there.

Professor Dewar, of Trinity College, has been awarded the Copley Medal for 1877 by the Royal Society of London for researches in the department of biology, geology and mineralogy, extending over half a century. The Royal Society has awarded two medals of silver plate left to the Royal Society by Sir Humphrey Davy; last year's medal was the first of the kind. The recipients being Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff, the celebrated discoverers of spectrum analysis. This year's Professor Oswald Heer, of Zerich, who is distinguished for his researches in fossil botany. Professor Heer, in addition to the Copley, also receives a Royal Medal, and a like distinction is conferred upon Professor Dewar. The Royal Society's medals are given for extensive agents have been of much value. Of the four medals thus given only one class, that of botany. This appreciation of foreign scientific work is highly commended by the London press.

In an official report of a visit to the Crozet group of islands in the Southern Indian ocean, Captain Say Brine, of the British navy, states that on landing on Possession island he found himself surrounded by animals which had not the slightest fear of men or dogs. The Crozet group consists of four islands, which were resting on the damp grass bordering the stream of water. The penguins, which were also present, were of the same fearless nature. Captain Brine says that the Crozets are the albatrosses, also, would not move from their nests on the approach of man. The magnificent birds measured eleven feet across the wings, and their nests were composed of mud mixed with grass by the sailors, and did not seem to have any sense of danger from them.

Among the remarkable gems recently exported from India are specimens of a deep sea-green tint, weighing more than 400 carats. The largest of these, which is described as perfect, was bought at Goa for the Grand Mogul at a price exceeding $100,000. Some of the most beautiful gems that have received these precious stones from Moscow.

The deposits of coal in reference to the temperature, can be observed with much facility in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Professor Lesquereux, of Harrisburg, has discovered, in the sandstone surrounding the coal beds, impressions of leaves of plants, which are now found only in tropical countries